THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

The Question of Insurance Settled in Philadelphia By a Contract Closed With the Iowa Life Insurance Company By the Officers of the Ancient Order in That City.

Picnic of the Cook County Hibernians Will Be Held at Willow Springs on Sunday, July 25—Other News of Interest.

The first and most important of all matters to be remembered by the members of the A. O. H. is the duty of advertising the County picnic, to be held Sunday, July 25, at Willow Springs. Every member should be in himself an advertising medium. It will be a great event, and the intention of devoting the surplus funds to the erection of a hall is an additional incentive to work.

Apropos of the approaching meeting of the committee on insurance, I publish the result of the gathering recently held in Philadelphia to consider the same question. It would, perhaps, be well to give the clipping, which is from the Underwriters' Review, of Des Moines, Iowa, careful consideration during the deliberations:

The Iowa Life Insurance Company closed a contract in Philadelphia, May 24, with the Ancient Order of Hibernians, whereby the Iowa Life is made the only life insurance company recognized by the order in the state of Pennsylvania, in which to place the insurance of its members. The arrangements which have thus far been perfected in Pennsylvania by that state organization have also been taken up by the national association of the order and reported on favorably, and will probably lead to similar arrangements in other states.

The following letter, which is now being sent out by the secretary of the Pennsylvania state association, explains fully the arrangement entered into between the Iowa Life and the Pennsylvania Association of the A. O. H.:

PHILADELPHIA, A. D. 1897.—Dear Sirs and Brothers—Many of you are aware that at the last state convention of our organization the question of insurance was taken up and a special committee appointed, which gave the subject considerable attention. Their report was accepted and the following resolution adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the officers elected at this convention be authorized to adopt a plan of insurance, and to enter into an agreement with an insurance company and to put the plan into operation as soon as possible."

In pursuance of the resolution above recited, the officers have taken the matter up and made careful investigation with reference to the different plans and different companies, and after such investigation have entered into a contract with the Iowa Life Insurance Company, general offices at Chicago, Ill.

It is generally known among the divisions that the question of furnishing life insurance to the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians is a matter which has come before our state conventions for a number of years, hence a great deal of thought and research have been given to the subject. A plan has finally been settled upon, which we believe is superior to any plan heretofore offered or adopted by any fraternal or assessment association. By virtue of the contract above referred to, each member of the order who can pass the required medical examination may secure a policy of insurance in the Iowa Life Insurance Company, in amount $250 to $10,000, at the lowest possible cost coupled with safety. We deem the system adopted and outlined in this communication far superior to that which could be given to the members by organizing an assessment association in our order, as by this method we are dealing with a company whose sole business is that of furnishing life insurance.

Under the system adopted, 10 per cent of all premiums paid is to be retained by the trustees of the said order, for the purpose of creating a sinking fund. By this you will observe that a very large sum will be accumulated, and that without any assessment or special call upon our members. This fund will be under the control of three trustees appointed by the state officers of the order, whose duty it will be to see that the fund is properly cared for and invested.

The purpose of this sinking fund will be: First, to assist by loans to any worthy member who becomes disabled through sickness, misfortune, or other legitimate disability, in keeping his policy in force. By this method the members of our organization will secure advantages, without extra cost, that could not be obtained by taking insurance with any other company.

The plan of insurance is what is termed the five year convertible term policy. This is the most desirable form of insurance for persons who desire the largest amount of insurance for the least possible outlay.

The premium under this form of policy continues level for a term of five years. At the expiration of this period it can be renewed without medical re-examination, by paying the premium for the advanced age. The rate then continues level for another period of five years, at which time it can be again renewed without medical re-examination, and so on during life.

The second purpose of the sinking fund is to create sufficient money so that at the expiration of each term of five years an equitable apportionment can be made among the persistent members, to be used for the purpose of paying the increase in the premium, so that the premium may be maintained at the same rate that was charged at the time the policy was originally issued. It is believed that this 10 per cent, operating as a trust fund, wherein the survivors receive all moneys contributed by those who discontinue their policies from all causes, will be sufficient to maintain the premium at a level rate from the date of entry.

After two years the policy becomes incontestable and is free from restriction as to residence, travel or occupation.

No charge will be made to any member for medical examination fee.

Yours fraternally,
ALEX. MCKEOWAN, State Secretary.
JOHN M. KELLY, State Treasurer.
PATRICK O'NEILL, State President.
M. S. MURRAY, State Vice-President.

The five-year renewable term policy issued by the Iowa Life, together with the sinking fund to be established by the A. O. H., will enable the members of that organization to secure good, reliable insurance at a cost within the reach of all.

This transaction may be said to mark an epoch in life insurance in the United States. The fraternal societies are beginning to see the fallacy of assessment life insurance and are seeking insurance in level premium companies. The A. O. H. have thus taken an advance step in this movement."

The picnic of Div. 8 was an unqualified success. It is the usual result of all enterprises of Div. 8. You cannot find better workers nor more cheerful hosts than the young Hibernians of the North Side, and the popularity of Div. 8 assures an immense attendance at either summer or winter entertainments.

MOR.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE.

The sixth annual commencement exercises of the commercial department of De LaSalle Institute, Wabash avenue and Thirty-fifth street, were held on Wednesday night of last week at Central Music hall. Archbishop Feehan presided and awarded the diplomas. The address was made by the Rev. Maurice F. Burke, Bishop of St. Joseph, Mo. His subject was "The Church and Intellectual Progress." A short musical programme was given by the De LaSalle choir, composed of 130 members, and the Alumni Glee club. Taking for their theme "Relations of the Church to Human Progress," five of the class read short essays. The valedictory address was delivered by Edmund J. Bancroft. The gold medal for scholarship was awarded to Edmund J. Bancroft, and John A. Kelly won the gold medal for excellence in elocution.

Diplomas were granted to the following graduates: Edmund Bancroft, Walter O'Leary, Thomas Ryan, Nicholas Jacobs, Charles Deegan, Frank Barnes, Joseph Durkin, William Carberry, Patrick Loftus, John McCarthy, Thomas Nihill, Denis Cullen, Joseph Ladoucer, John Kelly, James Scanlan, Charles Croke, Charles Heibert, Bernard McDermott, William O'Brien, Robert Collins, James Maher and Thomas Fitzgerald.

Gold medals for excellence in study were awarded as follows: College Department, J. P. Doran, W. J. Zimmermann, E. J. Kelly; Commercial Department, E. J. Bancroft, J. A. Combs, A. J. Ortseifen, D. A. Cummings; Academic Department, T. F. Hanley, E. M. Kerwin, G. H. McAuliff, W. R. McDermott; Boarding Department, Edward J. Eder; Elocution medals, J. A. Kelly, A. J. Kelly, E. M. Kerwin, W. R. McDermott.

The orations of the students formed a cleverly devised synthesis of evidence tending to show that the Catholic church has been the chief agency in the formation and development of civilization. The address of Bishop Burke was a review of the progress of enlightenment as verified according to the speaker, in the mission of the Catholic church, and was in eulogy of the Christian brotherhood as a body of scholors and educators.

"The Popes," said he, "ever upheld the cause of learning. The thirteenth century, so maligned, was part of age which typified a symmetry of social purpose—a uniformity of standard in art, in worship, in poetry and industrial growth. The renaissance was but the development of the germ planted and cared for by the church amid the chaos that attended the breaking up of the Roman Empire. The invention of printing and that of the telescope, the explorations of Marco Polo, Columbus and Vespucci, were the outcome of her patronage, extended through the ages, when the passion for war and conquest absorbed all but the spiritual elements of life inherent in the church. Taking the lead, in modern social progress, she raised up great missionary and teaching bodies which were inspired with the zeal of her founder."

The speaker paid a tribute to the missionary spirit of the Jesuits and to the desciples of De LaSalle. In evidence of the success which he said marked the labors of the Christian brothers, he referred to the recognition accorded their schools at the World's Fair.

Of Leo XIII. the speaker said: "The burning questions of the day have been treated by the reigning Pontiff in a way that has brought all nations to recognize and honor, as never before, his moral and personal sovereignty, while his apostolic solicitude for Christian unity, his generous and oft repeated praises of the system of popular government, his encouragement of philosophy, literature, art and science entitle him to rank as the most unique and illustrious character in the history of the ages."

BALATKA ACADEMY EXERCISES.

An Elaborate Programme Excellently Rendered—Prizes and Diplomas Awarded to Graduates and Pupils.

The annual concert and commencement exercises of the Balatka Academy of Musical Art, were held at Handel hall last Tuesday evening and attracted a very large and highly appreciative audience, who enthusiastically applauded every number on the excellent programme. The latter was arranged as follows:

1. Overture, "Tannhaeuser," for eight hands ..... R. Wagner
   Balatka Academy Piano Quartette: Miss Alice Bennett, Miss May A. Samelius, George Hochleutner, Edwin Schneider.
2. Hymn and Prayer from "Alessandro Stradella" ..... Flotow
   Mr. Cæsar Samson.
3. Concerto in A Minor, first movement ..... Grieg
   Mr. George Hochleutner.
4. Anch'io dischiuso un giorno. Aria from "Nabucco" ..... Verdi
   Mrs. D. R. McAuley.
5. Concerto in E Minor, first movement ..... Chopin
   Miss Alice Bennett.
6. I No Longer Am Annette. Arietta "Crispino e la Comare" ..... Ricci
   Mrs. Pauline Slosson.
7. Capriccio, op. 22 ..... Mendelssohn
   Miss Bertha Stevens.
8. Scene and Prayer from "Der Freischuetz" ..... Weber
   Mrs. Clara C. Soden.
9. The Captive Admiral ..... Lasson
   Mr. A. Gorges.
10. Concerto in D Minor, first movement ..... Rubinstein
    Mr. Edwin Schneider.
11. Trio. Finale from "Ernani," Soprano, Tenor and Bass ..... Verdi
    Mrs. Clara C. Soden, Mr. C. Samson and Mr. A. Gorges.
12. Address.
    Distribution of Diplomas and Prizes.
    Miss Annie Balatka, Accompanist.

The graduates of the academy in the class of 1897 were: Vocal, Mrs. D. R. McAuley, Austin; Miss Ray O'Brien, Harvey; Mrs. Clara C. Soden and Mr. Cæsar Samson, Chicago. Collegiates, Mrs. Pauline Slosson and Mr. Albert Gorges, Chicago. Piano, Miss Alice Bennett, Desplaines; Miss May A. Samelius, Mr. George Hochleutner, Chicago; Mr. Edwin Schneider, Oak Park. Teacher's Certificate, Misses Eva Page, Bertha Stevens, Pauline Woolley, Lillie Martin, Jennie Wartelsky, Jeanette Fey, Eva Shapiro, Mrs. Esther Erickson, Chicago; Miss Emma Mathews, Harvey; Miss Grace Elliott, Lake View.

Where all were excellent it may seem ungracious to single out a few for particular excellence, but, judging by the volume of applause, Mrs. D. R. McAuley and Mr. Cæsar Samson in the vocal, and Miss Alice Bennett, Miss Bertha Stevens, Mr. Edwin Schneider and Mr. George Hochleutner in the instrumental numbers carried off the honors. Mr. Schneider's rendering of Rubinstein's music was masterly and evoked rapturous applause. Miss Stevens, for one so young, possesses a power of touch and expression that may truly be called phenomenal. In fact, there was not a poorly executed number in the whole list.

At the conclusion of the musical programme, Prof. Hans Balatka made a brief, but eloquent and practical, address to the graduates, which was well received. He then distributed the prizes and diplomas to the following:

Vocal Department, first prize, Henry C. Lytton Diamond Medal, Mrs. D. R. McAuley, Austin; second prize, Hans Balatka Gold Medal, Mr. C. Samson; third prize, Academy Gold Medal, Mrs. C. Soden.

Collegiate Class, first prize, J. H. Kurtz Gold Medal, Mrs. P. Slosson; second prize, Academy Gold Medal, Mr. A. Gorges.

Post Graduate and Graduate Classes, Piano Department, first prize, W. W. Kimball Diamond Medal, Miss Alice Bennett; second prize, Annie Balatka Gold Medals, Mr. George Hochleutner, Mr. Edwin Schneider; third prize, Academy Gold Medal, Miss M. Samelius.

Teachers' Class, first prize, Chr. F. Balatka Diamond Medal, Miss Bertha Stevens; second prize, Willie Kuntze Gold Medal, Miss Eva Shapiro; third prize, Academy Gold Medal, Miss Lillie F. Martin.

Academy Gold Medals for Merit—Misses J. Wartelsky, P. Woolley, E. Page, E. Kiud, Celeste Walsh, M. Adler, B. Martin, L. Motschman, Grace Ruare, Vera C. Finerty, Tessie Eckenbrecht; John F. Finerty, Jr., and Paul Nadler.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

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A VICTORIAN "ROAST."

The House of Hanover-Brunswick Placed Upon a Spit Before the Hot Fire of Public Criticism, Turned, Basted and Done to Perfection by a Vigorous Rural Correspondent.

"Victoria, the Stingy," Not Spared In the Cooking—One of the Most Torrid Historical Contributions of the Period.

"SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 18.—Bishop Huntington has authorized clergymen and laymen readers in the Episcopal diocese of central New York to include in services on the first Sunday after Trinity the prayer, tke copy of which he has issued, for Queen Victoria and the welfare of England."

The Episcopal bishops and the delegates to the late Rochester convention, sent congratulations to the head of the Anglican church, successor of Henry VIII. in licentiousness and of Elizabeth in greed. On May 28, the blind chaplain of the Senate, told God Almighty, that there is a gracious lady in England named Victoria, who is a wife, a mother and a sovereign, and for the further information of the deity, he repeated, that she is enshrined in the hearts and reverence of true-hearted men and women, the world around. Verily, the Lord must have been astonished at this information. Certainly we have an exemplification of the blind attempting to lead the blind. Reverse the statement, and you have the fact. So far from this woman being an object of reverence and esteem, she is precisely the opposite. Nor can she help herself. Hereditary depravity is the distinguishing characteristic of her ancestors, herself, and her descendants. It is worth while to call to mind, at this period, some of the social endowments of the house of Brunswick. It rose from obscurity in the person of Earnest of Celle, who in the time of Luther had a younger son, William of Luneburg, who plundered churches, destroyed monasteries, which were the refuges of the poor and needy; stole diamond necklaces under pretense that they were rosaries, and committed other and divers robberies, under the garb of reform. This is the progenitor of the Hanoverian race of infamous memory! William, the Pious, alternated the sayings of Solomon with the perusal of Luther's obscene "Table Talk," and toying with his mistresses, by one of whom he became the progenitor of the present incumbent of the throne of Great Britain and Ireland.

He had fifteen children, seven of whom were sons. All being illegitimate, the succession was established by lot. George, the sixth of the brothers, was the lucky prizeman. He became Duke of Celle, a town of ten thousand inhabitants. He married a woman of the house of Hohenzollern. His brothers did not marry. In consideration of this, he housed them and their mistresses. Duke George, having won the toss in the presence of his dying father, started for the wars, and fought where the bullets were thickest—under the ammunition wagon—in the Protestant army. He went over to the emperor, professed Catholicity, and fought, as above, in Germany and Italy. He became a Protestant, when there was a chance for plunder, under Gustavus Adolphus. After robbing the abbey of Idelscheim, he died in 1641, leaving behind him the Georgian family of England. The English, with all their conceit, have never been ruled by an Englishman, or woman, save in the case of the ruffian, Henry VIII., his Spanish daughter, the virtuous Mary, and the vixen Elizabeth, who was his daughter and granddaughter also.

The Protestant party, which had been fattening on plunder, feared the accession of the legitimate monarch, descendant of the sainted Queen of Scots. The traitorous Protestants hunted up the descendants of a niece of Charles Stuart, Sophia, who was married to a miserable fellow, Earnest Augustus of Brunswick. Sophia's sisters were all converted to the Catholic faith. The Duchess of Hanover, did not permit her youngest daughter to adopt any religion, until she could find a husband. The Protestant Bishop of Asnaburg and Duke of Hanover kept his seraglio: sold the Hanoverians to Catholic Venice and had a good time generally with the proceeds of the sale. In 1660 the first of the four English kings, and fools, called George, was born. His kinswoman describes him as being odiously cold, hard and silent. With the characteristic bravery of his race, he traveled in the rear of the Hanoverian army, of ten thousand men, and equally consistent in matters of religion, attended Catholic worship at the emperor's court.

The debaucheries of Queen Ann, having brought about her sudden and unprovided end, George Louis, with no title to the throne, save that of his nominal Protestantism, whose only knowledge of the English language consisted of the phrase, "God damn," was inaugurated King of England. It is to his credit, that he always hated add despised the English. He refused to learn English, and never spent an hour in England save when he could not help it. He looked upon himself as a lodger. He knew he had no earthly right in England. The two first Georges imitated Earnest Augustus, and surpassed him in the matter of harems. Poor Frederick, Prince of Wales, worthy progenitor of the present prince of that title, and a greater because less shameless bebauchee than the present titular, died prematurely from a rotten constitution, undermined by vile and immoral practices. The Georges, like Victoria, always cried out Oliver Twist fashion, "for more." George I. had a wife, Sophia Dorathea, whose lover, Phillip of Konigsbruck is possibly the ancestor of Mrs. Wettin, known as Victoria. The multitudinous by-flaws of this family of male and female harlots, renders the question of descent more difficult to trace than the genealogical tree of the Fiji Islanders. The Countess Platen disposed of poor Konigsmark, a paramour of Sophia Dorathea, and presently George Louis became candidate for the office of Defender of the Anglican Faith. In the course of time he brought over two ugly elderly mistresses, and ascended the throne of the beastly Henry, and his vixen daughter, his ancestors (?) He endowed these harlots with the lands reserved for the poor in the villages of England, and robbed the people of Ireland, a country as unknown to him as No-Man's-Land. To these harlots, the successor of St. Augustine of Canterbury goes on his knees, likewise the cowardly Marlborough, the maypole and elephant, bow zealously, and extend their hands to be kissed.

George knew what it all meant, and went with his mistresses to drink beer and eat oysters. The filthy old usurper looked upon England as did Blucher upon London, for plunder. Let us turn the picture of this filthy King of England to the wall. Another of the doubtful ancestors of Victoria, the stingy, was another foreigner who despised the English, and robbed the people of the three kingdoms. He is known as George II. He was drunk, as usual, when Walpole told him that the first George was gone to join the Satanic court, and swore at a great rate, saying that the minister's statement was "one pig lie." George II. was duly recognized King of Great Britain and Ireland by Walpole. He had many Elizabeth traits. He destroyed the will of the first George. He was a felon, thief, liar, rascal, heathen, tippler, brawler, boozer, yet he gloried that these qualities made a true Briton. The bishops lifted up their aprons and thanked God that they had not a Catholic king. For thirty-three years this type of Jonathan Wild, the Great, was a spendthrift of other men's earnings, but was as niggardly as his descendant, the reigning monarch. Some give him credit for personal courage. His silly custom of wearing the coat which was on his back at Oudenarde, shows that he was only a coward, for brave men are not boasters. He shook his fist in the face of his father, insulted the Protestant hero and notorious infidel, Frederick the Great, and was promptly kicked out for his bad manners. He hated his son, and always spoke of his daughter as a female fiend. The cause of this was her keen contempt for the Sultan George and his harem. He told his wife that he would not marry again—mistresses were plentiful he assured her.

The pulpit and the press play, in the deaths and jubilees of potentates, a ghastly role. Lying eulogies, blinking of disagreeable truths, sickening flattery, simulated grief, falsehood and sycophancy, all uttered in the name of heaven in the establishment misnamed a church. Monstrous threnodies were sung over George, and pæans of joy are sung alike over the bad, wicked and licentious house of Brunswick, of which Victoria is a worthy representative. The king's mistress sold a bishopric for twenty-five thousand dollars. This is one instance out of a thousand. Yet the Anglican branch seeks a reunion with the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. George II. never concealed his contempt for the English. He had his portrait painted and placed in an arm chair, to which the English clergy and nobility knelt. He loved Hanover. The sausages were better made there, and the sauerkraut was more palatable. In the seventy-seventh year of his age this low, gross and sensual brute died suddenly. The Anglican Bishop Porteous said, "that the earth wrs not worthy to receive him." A terrible relief to the earth. A madman ascended the throne in 1760. He reigned and he did not reign for sixty years. Incapacity for evil prevented him from committing it. He knew no virtue and he practiced none. He made war on America, refused justice to Catholics, bribed, bullied and dissembled; his perseverance was slippery, his resolution vindictive. He loved dearly to dine at the expense of others, and acted as sponsor for their children as payment for the meal. His granddaughter shows the same spirit of economy and disregard of decency.

George III. begot nine sons, two of whom reigned in England. Both were uncles of Queen Victoria the stingy. The moral stomach loathes, while reading the record of the "first gentleman in Europe." He had scarcely emerged from boyhood ere he plunged into a whirl of sensual excitement. His life was passed in the grossest profligacy. He was was false as well as licentious. His word was never trusted. Not even an occasional gleam of brightness lights up the dark picture of his career. He married Mrs. Fitzherbert, and set aside the marriage perfidiously, even in regard to his own legitimate progeny. The children of this marriage, more or less legitimate, heirs of the British throne, were set aside as recklessly as in the case of James VII., called the Pretender. And in consequence, Victoria, the daughter of his brother by a Catholic wife, usurps the title of Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, defender of the faith. God save the mark. The first gentleman of Europe reeled into the chapel, when he contracted his adulterous union with Caroline. He hiccoughed vows of fidelity, a l'Anglaise, kicked her, and pursued her with the utmost malignity. There is no greater satire upon Englishmen, than their admiration for George, save their adulations of the commonest of commonplace women, Victoria. The immorality of Victoria's court is not as glaring as that of the Georges. Her sons have mistresses. They gamble and cheat beyond the precincts of the court, and she takes care that the country pays the bills instead of spending her own illgotten income, or a portion of it. Aside from her escapade, before her marriage, the Lady Flora Hastings affair and her flirtations with John Brown, together with an immoderate desire for Scotch whiskey, she can, considering her ancestry, be considered a fair specimen of the English female snobocracy. She has always carefully concealed her tracks. Her influence in politics has been almost null. Whenever used, it has always been on the side of coercion, oppression and degradation of the masses. Her epitaph may be written thus: "Here lies Viccy who was not witty; should it be the whole generation, still better for the nation: now its Albert Ed. not yet dead; there is no more to be said."

Whether this woman is or is not the woman mentioned in the Apoc, chapter XVII, we are not prepared to say just now. We, however, decidedly lean to that opinion. Mulhall, an Irishman in the employ of the British government, a statistician of unquestionable eminence, quoted by Mr. Gladstone in the house of commons in connection with the jubilee year 1887, gives the figures following, which may be considered as attesting the blessings enjoyed by Ireland during the fifty years then passed: Died of famine, 1,225,000; evicted, 3,568,000; exiled, 4,185,000. Irishmen, as remarked by the author of the life of John Boyle O'Reilly, when touching on this subject, should be as thankful for the reign of Victoria, as they may be for the plagues of Egypt. It is not likely that the number of deaths in India from English misgovernment will [illegible] given truly. [illegible] formation are in English offices. [illegible] Commemoration should be made of the departed. The most fitting participation in the jubilee display would have been a black flag pendant from at least one window in each peasant's and patriot's house in Ireland—both the greater and the lesser—to mark the havoc and desolation that could have been, but was not prevented, during the sixty years of Victoria's reign. For Ireland that reign marks the population since 1847 reduced by over four millions. There have been three positive famines, and repeated periods when distress bordered on famines. Trade has declined, manufactures have all but expired, agriculture has retrograded, and only two things have increased, pauperism and discontent. This discontent has followed from injustice, as surely as heat from fire. If Victoria is to get credit for the glories of the reign, from triumphs of discovery, or the advance of civilization, mainly the work of others, she should be made to realize that she is more than equally responsible for the worse than Turkish atrocities, attending evictions and hut burnings carried out under her representatives and in her name during the same period. Englishmen may jubilate, but no serious thinking Irishman can cordially join in the celebration.

To sum up, Victoria's reign is characterized by frantic efforts for the guarantee of the integrity of hell and extension of the dominion of his sable majesty.

J. A. F.

ELKHART, Ill., June 20.

"My Wife was afflicted with intense itching on her skin, and began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. After using a few bottles of this medicine she was entirely cured, and it has since kept her blood pure."—J. M. Wyman, 733 Van Buren street, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

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TRUSTS A PUZZLE.

Senate Finds It Difficult to Head Them Off.

HOAR SAYS THEY ARE A MENACE,

But Doesn't Seem Clear as to How to Suppress Them—Allen and Caffery Think the Sugar Trust Easy with the Present Law, and the Nebraska Man Intimates That the Executive Is Not Up to the Standard of Efficiency.

Washington, June 29.—The Senate made good progress on the tariff bill yesterday, disposing of the paragraphs relating to hides, which have been the source of much controversy. As finally agreed on the duty on hides is placed at 20 per cent ad valorem, in place of 1½ cents per pound, as originally reported by the finance committee. The discussion was protracted, drifting into a general debate on trusts, and from that back to the sugar trust. Smith of New Jersey spoke at length against the duty on hides, while Allen of Nebraska supported the duty. The new paragraph was agreed to—39 to 20—one democrat, Rawlins of Utah and several Populists and silver Republicans voting with the Republicans in the affirmative. The incidental debate on trusts led to severe arraignment of the sugar trust by Caffery and Lindsay, and a general discussion of means to deal with trusts by Hoar. Among other paragraphs disposed of during the day were all those relating to gloves, a substitute for the paragraph on live animals, iron ore and stained glass windows.

Smith Digresses to Cuba.

While the debate on hides was proceeding Smith got on to Cuba, and spoke of "the remarkable fact" that a resolution recognizing the belligerency of the Cubans had been passed by the senate and sent to that catafalque or tomb, the house of representatives, to be buried by a Republican house, a Republican speaker, at the dictation of a Republican president. It was an insult to the American people, which they would rebuke at the polls next November.

Vest reviewed the legislation on leather and hides and presented a letter written by James G. Blaine to McKinley when the McKinley bill was being framed, protesting against a duty on hides as a slap in the face of the south Americans, and as likely to legislate the Republican party out of power.

Vest Brings Up the Beef Trust.

The senator argued that a duty on hides could not advance the price of cattle in the west, as hides were only a bi-product of the cattle; and moreover, the price of cattle was fixed absolutely, with the power to put the price up or down, by the big four combination at Chicago. The senator recalled the circumstances of the senatorial inquiry into the beef trust in which he participated. When Vest spoke of oppressive action by Armour to compel butchers to use his dressed beef Allen of Nebraska remarked that the evidence seemed sufficient for an indictment and why, then, was not something done toward prosecution? This developed a controversy between Hoar and Allen as to the right of federal prosecution for an offense wholly within state lines, which at times became rather personal.

Stewart Comments on the Money Trust.

A reference in Smith's remarks to trusts led Stewart to make an extended arraignment of the money trust, which he asserted was the worst of all trusts. Stewart argued also that if there was to be a protective tariff bill all sections should share in the advantages it gave. Incidentally Stewart paid a tribute to the Chicago platform and said he supported it throughout. Allen said that while not an advocate of a general protective system, yet he held to the view that if there was to be such a bill every section should share in the benefits it gave. He spoke of the benefits of a hide duty to the farmers and in particular of the extent of the industry in Nebraska.

HOW TO STRIKE THE TRUSTS.

Hoar Thinks They Menace the Republic—Allen's Vigorous Remarks.

The discussion branched off to the prosecution of trusts, in which Allen and Hoar discussed the law. Hoar stated that he thought it likely an amendment relating to trusts would be offered in connection with the present bill, tending to perfect the provisions on that subject in the tariff bill of 1894. Such an amendment had been prepared by Pettus of Alabama, and Hoar said he expected to vote for it when it came up. Hoar said that while the question of trusts could be dealt with to some extent by striking at their imports, as in the law of 1894, yet he feared that the most serious phases of the legal meaning of the word "trust" and showed the difficulties in making the sugar trust and Standard Oil trust amenable to federal law. He regarded these monopolies as a menace to the republic, and was hopeful that some means might be found to check them.

Lindsay said that in the case of a confessed monopoly, such as the sugar trust, one effective means of dealing with it would be to extend it no further benefits from tariff legislation. When the point was reached in a tariff bill where sugar was to be dealt with, then it should be so shaped as not to be in the benefit of the trust.

Hoar replied that the answer to this was that the policy seemed to be established that revenue was to be raised on refined sugar, and it was further desired that the business of refining sugar shall be done in this country rather than abroad. A great foreign government was about the biggest trust that could menace the trade of the United States, Hoar asserted. He hoped that some effective remedy would be found instead of going on the theory that because a jackal or a fox preys on our commerce it should be given to a foreign wolf or lion.

Caffery argued that the sugar trust was within the operation of the anti-trust law, and he felt that it was time the attention of the attorney general and the United States district attorneys was called to the frequent and flagrant violations of the law by the sugar trust. The senator declared that the sugar trust was the most arrogant and inquisitious trust in the world.

Allen resuming declared that the country was "rotten with trusts," every article we eat and wear and use being controlled by trusts while congress, the judiciary and the executive authorities are impotent and powerless to act, according to those who argued that the federal laws cannot reach the trusts. He maintained that the laws are sufficient if energetically enforced, but that the authorities have not executed them with zeal.

The session of the house yesterday lasted only long enough to call the roll on Dingley's motion to adjourn, Dingley saying he was not aware of any matters claiming the attention of the house. Bailey challenged that statement with the observation that the bankruptcy bill and the Cuban belligerency resolution were unacted upon. A rising vote was against adjournment by a majority of one, whereupon Dingley demanded the ayes and nays and won—97 to 88. July 10 was set apart for eulogies on the late W. S. Holman.

HOW ABOUT THE ANNEXEE?

Doesn't Seem To Be Any Provision in This Scheme for Him.

Washington, June 29. — Crumpacker of Indiana yesterday introduced in the house a resolution for a constitutional amendment providing that hereafter no non-contiguous territory shall be annexed to the United States except in pursuance of a treaty negotiated by the president, concurred in by two-thirds of each house of congress and ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the states, and no contiguous territory except by treaty concurred in by two-thirds of each house, the vote on the question of concurrence not to be taken in the house of representatives until two years have elapsed from the time of taking the vote in the senate.

Officeholders to Pay the Freight.

Washington, June 29.—Shafroth of Colorado introduced in the house yesterday a novel measure entitled a bill "to encourage the economical administration of the government." It provides that "in order that such officer and employe of the United States shall have a direct interest in the economical administration of the government the secretary of the treasury is directed for each month, if the expenditures of the government are greater than the receipts, to deduct and retain in the treasury from each salary in excess of $200 per month 20 per cent. thereof, and from each salary under such amount 10 per cent. thereof."

Matter of House Committees.

Washington, June 29.—Speaker Reed said yesterday that he had the matter of the appointment of the committees under consideration, and that unless something now unforeseen occurred to change his present inclination he would prepare the list and submit them prior to the final adjournment.

Persians Maltreat the Jews.

Washington, June 29.—According to advices just received at the state department from the United States minister to Persia, the Mohammedans in Teheran, Persia, recently invaded the Jewish quarters of that city and inflicted the most shocking maltreatment upon the residents.

Will Evolve an Anti-Trust Amendment.

Washington, June 29.—The Republican members of the senate committee on judiciary will meet today to consider the various forms presented for an anti-trust amendment to the tariff bill. There are a dozen anti-trust amendments in print and others have been suggested.

Reed Will Not Be at Detroit.

Washington, June 29.—Speaker Reed has decided in view of the proximity of the return of the tariff bill from the senate that he will be unable to attend the meeting of the Republican clubs in Detroit July 13, where it was expected he would make an address.

Nominated for Official Position.

Washington, June 29.—The president yesterday sent the following nominations to the senate: Soren Listoe, Minnesota, consul at Rotterdam, Netherlands; Henry Fink, Wisconsin, collector of internal revenue for the First district of Wisconsin.

Lynched Italians Valued at $6,000.

Washington, June 29.—Senator Davis yesterday reported from the committee on foreign relations an amendment to the general deficiency bill to pay $6,000 to the families of the three Italians lynched at New Orleans.

Pettigrew Continues to Improve.

Washington, June 29.—The condition of Senator Pettigrew, who was taken ill in the senate Saturday, continues to improve. His physician believes he will be able to resume his senatorial duties in a few days.

WESTERN COLONY ABANDONED.

Report That Debs Has Changed His Method of Operations.

Milwaukee, June 29.—Victor S. Berger, editor of a socialistic organ, gave out a statement last night on his return from a conference with Eugene V. Debs. He says the scheme to plant a socialist colony in the west has been abandoned, and to take its place there will be a small migration of unemployed men to the state of Washington. They will look for homes there the same as other settlers, and the expense of transporting them will be paid through a per capita tax of 15 cents a month on members of the Social Democracy, Debs' new party. Debs will remain in the east and he and his associates will devote themselves to the cause of socialism through this political party and the ballot.

Joint Conference Was a Failure.

St. Louis, June 29.—The joint conference between the railroad commissions of Missouri and Illinois for the purpose of establishing uniform grain grades between the two states was a failure. The Missouri commissioners held out for the grades they established and the Illinois commissioners declined to yield their own grades.

Emperor Is Going To Be Supreme.

Chicago, June 29.—A dispatch from Berlin detailing expected changes in the German ministry, says: Altogether Germany appears to be in the throes of a far-reaching crisis, of which it is impossible to see the outcome beyond the fact that the emperor is more than ever taking the reins into his own control.

Mills Resume Operations.

Reading, Pa., June 29.—After being idle for weeks the tube department and the sheet mill of the Reading Iron works resumed operations yesterday.

Massachusetts Cotton Mills Close.

Lowell, Mass., June 29.—The Massachusetts cotton mills were closed yesterday and will not reopen until July 12. The mills employ 1,900 hands

HIS AIM WAS DEADLY.

Chicago Man Kills Himself While the Family Is at Breakfast.

Chicago, June 28.—Guy C. Ledyard, Jr., manager of the American Starch company, and son of Guy C. Ledyard, Sr., a pioneer sugar broker of Chicago, while the family was at breakfast at the family residence, 3143 Calumet avenue, Monday morning shot himself through the heart with a fowling piece. He died instantly, leaving no explanation of his deed, further than the family's knowledge that ill-health had caused despondency. He was 37 years old and single. When the breakfast hour in the Ledyard household arrived Mr. Ledyard, Jr., failed to appear, but as this was not an unusual occurrence nothing was thought of it, and no one was sent to his room to inquire for him.

At 8 o'clock, soon after breakfast had begun, the house was startled by the report of a gun, and all rushed to the second floor, from whence the sound came. One of the servants who was at work on the second floor was the first to reach Mr. Ledyard's room, and she found him lying on the floor, a wound in his side, and dead. The remainder of the household arrived soon after and servants were dispatched for physicians. Dr. Miller of South Park avenue and Thirty-first street was summoned, and the neighbors on all sides were called to the house. A glance was enough to tell the physician that Ledyard was dead, and he so informed the father, who was overcome by the information, and was carried to his own apartments, where he received medical attention. A search was made of the room in which the deed was committed, but no communication of explanation was discovered.

SEVEN LIVES WERE LOST.

Five Postal Clerks Killed in the Missouri City Wreck.

Kansas City, June 28.—Seven coffins were forwarded to St. Louis Sunday from Missouri City. They contained the remains of the victims of Saturday night's wreck on the Wabash road. A correct list of the dead is as follows: W. S. Mills, postal clerk, St. Louis; O. M. Smith, postal clerk, St. Louis; Gustave A. Smith, postal clerk, St. Louis; Charles Wipters, postal clerk, St. Louis; F. W. Brink, postal clerk, St. Louis; Edward Grindrod, baggagemaster, St. Louis; Charles P. Greasley, brakeman, St. Louis.

Conductor G. C. Copeland, who was reported among the dead, is still alive. He has been removed to the hospital at Moberly. He has a fractured skull and several broken ribs, but the surgeons hope he will recover. Of the nineteen others injured not one is in a critical condition. Mrs. W. H. Wilkinson of Kansas City is the most seriously hurt. Two small bones of her left hand are broken and she suffered a severe laceration of the thigh.

A neighboring farmer noticed the perilous condition of the trestle and resolved to flag the train. For nearly an hour he stood in the terrific downpour of rain, only to fail at last in his good intentions, for when the fast mail came thundering along the storm was almost blinding, and the engineer evidently could not see across the track.

LADY'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

Shot in the Breast and Fatally Wounded by a Burglar.

Red Bud, Ills., June 28.—Miss Lillian Blais, aged 21, a highly respected young lady of this city, had a terrible experience at 2:30 a. m. with a burglar. She was awakened by a man with a beard or mask, who after searching her father's clothes, which were in another room, approached Miss Blais and made an indecent proposal to her, threatening to kill her if she made an outcry. Miss Blais was so terrified that she screamed loudly. The robber then thrust a pistol to her breast and fired, the ball taking effect just below the heart. The burglar escaped. Miss Blais is not expected to recover. Bloodhounds were put on the trail and there will be a lynching if the villain is captured. Several minor robberies are also reported.

Some Tramp Thugs Identified.

Omaha, June 28.—Two men giving their names as Chris Fost and James Fost, who applied at the police station for lodgings, have identified three men as belonging to the gang of tramps who held up travelers on the freight train at Chalco, Neb., Saturday, when G. R. Pond of Corning, Ia., was shot in the back. The Fost brothers identified Charles Adams, August Montgomery, and Ritsmer Goings. Adams and Goings, according to the Fosts, were the men who held the revolvers.

Change of Venue for Spalding.

Chicago, June 28.—Charles Warren Spalding, ex-banker, ex-treasurer of the state university was arraigned on seven charges of embezzlement before Judge Smith Monday morning. Thirty-five thousand dollars is the sum involved, it is said. The sums belong to the state university. The defendant asked for a change of venue and it was granted, to Judge Tuley, who will try the cases.

Full Time After July 1.

Rockford, Ills., June 28.—The Rockford Sugar Refining company has resumed the buying of corn, taking in 9,000 bushels per day, after a partial shut-down for a month for repairs. The full force will go to work again about July 1, and plans are now being drawn for two large new buildings. The officials of the company smile at the rumor that the concern is thinking of going into the trust.

Celebrated Midsummer Day.

Menominee, Mich., June 28.—Midsummer day was celebrated Sunday afternoon by the Sons of North. Twelve Scandinavian societies took part in the parade, the features of which were several floats with persons dressed in Scandinavian national costumes. The exercises took place at Riverside park.

Lone Pacing Horse Breaks His Neck.

Napoleon, O., June 28.—Johnnie, the world's famous and only lone pacer, broke his neck. He was turned loose to graze, and while running caught in a wire fence and was thrown on his head, breaking his neck. He was valued at $15,000, and was owned by W.H. Barnes of Sioux City, Ia.

Two Young Men Drowned.

Newton, Kan., June 28.—Jacob Reisen and Abraham Dick, two young men of this place, were capsized while boating at Classens Mills in the Little Arkansas river, seventeen miles northwest of Newton, and were drowned Sunday. Both belonged to prominent German families.

DARING BRIGANDS

Loot a South Dakota Bank of Everything in Sight.

ORDER WAS HOLD UP YOUR HANDS,

And One Man Who Was a Little Slow Lost a Part of His Ear—Posse Quickly in Pursuit and One of the Bandits Captured After a Running Fight—Others Closely Pursued with Few Chances of Escape—Other Criminal Matters.

Deadwood, S. D., June 29. — Four masked men yesterday morning made a desperate attempt to rob the Butte County bank at Belle Fourche. Entering the bank with revolvers drawn they ordered the customers present and bank officials to hold up their hands. A little hesitancy on the part of Cashier Marble drew a shot from the gun of one of the robbers which clipped off a large portion of the cashier's right ear and enforced compliance with the command. The safe and counters were relieved of the cash they contained and the robbers, mounting their horses which had been conveniently stationed, rode away.

One of the Robbers Captured.

An alarm was immediately given, and in a few minutes a well mounted and armed posse was in pursuit of the robbers. Within a few miles from town the posse came up with the fugitives and a running fight ensued which resulted in one of the robbers throwing up his hands and surrendering. The others being better mounted, continued their flight, but are now being closely pursued and have very few chances of escaping. The day was favorable for a raid on the bank, as the weather was such that it kept the town people off the streets and the robbers had little opposition and had quite a start before the alarm could be given.

Made a Target of Giles.

Later.—There were five men in the party who made the assault on the bank. An unusual display of fire arms on their part attracted the attention to A. Giles, a merchant, who surmised that something was wrong and gave an alarm. Giles was made the target for a volley from the robbers' pistols, but escaped uninjured. Pursuit was prompt. In the fight that followed Walter Gay, of Gay & Sons, was shot through the cheek, receiving a painful wound. The outlaws fired right and left while riding out of the town, but no one else was wounded. Thomas Day, the captured robber, was overhauled half a mile from town, and is now in jail at Deadwood. He is a stranger in the vicinity. The rest of the gang are now at bay at the Three V ranch, a few miles from Belle Fourche, where they will likely be captured or killed. It transpires that less than $75 was taken from the bank, the cashier, Arthur Marble, having slammed shut and locked the doors of the vault at the entrance of the robbers. He was fired at three times, only one shot taking effect. He tried to return the fire, but his pistol failed him.

BLOODY TRAGEDY AT CHICAGO.

Miscreant Starts in to Kill a Whole Family and Himself.

Chicago, June 29.—William H. Copp, foreman of the glazing department of the Pullman company, armed himself yesterday with a razor and revolver and went to the house of his wife's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Andrew C. Rankin, with the intention of murdering them, his wife, and his wife's sister, who were living with them. After locking the doors he fired a shot at the doctor, but missed. The doctor grappled with Copp, who beat him fearfully over the head with the revolver. Copp then drew the razor across the doctor's throat and the hands of both men were nearly cut to pieces as they fought for the weapon. The doctor then managed to gain his revolver, which was laying on the mantle-piece, and shot Copp through the side.

During the fight between the men Mrs. Rankin was struck in the head by Copp and severely cut and her daughter, Mrs. Hermes, was pounded about the face and one of her eyes destroyed. Mrs. Hermes managed to reach the street and summon help. The members of a fire engine company headed by Fred Rankin, brother-in-law of Copp, broke in and overpowered the would-be murderer. Dr. Rankin is 70 years old and it is thought will die from the injuries he received.

JUBILEE DOWN IN KENTUCKY.

Some Best Citizens Indulge in a Rather Fatal "Gun Play."

Lancaster, Ky., June 29.—Yesterday afternoon, on the public square, Marion Sebastian was shot dead, five balls having penetrated his body—three lodging in his head, one in his right lung and one in his leg. A coroner's jury heard testimony immediately, and its verdict was that S. D. and Jack Turner and an unknown party fired the murderous shots; also that S. D. Turner, who is brother-in-law to Sebastian, was principal in the killing, and fired the first shot. S. D. Turner had married the daughter J. P. Nave, a rich farmer. Nave's present wife is Sebastian's sister. At Nave's suggestion his daughter, the wife of Turner—with whom she lived unhappily—deserted him. A suit by Turner against his father-in-law for $10,000 damages for alienating his wife's affections resulted in giving Turner $250. Sebastian, a brother-in-law of both parties to the suit, was a witness and his testimony favored Nave. In the fight yesterday Turner fired first. He and Sebastian held each other by the left hand while firing with the free right hand. Turner was not hit. It is believed his brother Jack fired two shots at Sebastian. All were well-to-do farmers and this tragedy is likely to start a bad family feud.

Mutilated Body Not Identified.

New York, June 29.—The mutilated body that was found in two sections, one in East river on Saturday, the other in the northern part of the city Sunday, has not been identified. The coroner's physician, O'Hanlan, said that whoever had cut up the body, while he might not have been a surgeon, must have known something of human anatomy, as he had cut the body in parts where saw and knife would meet with least resistance.

Gun Play Was General Here.

Vanceburg, Ky., June 29.—Tom Logan and Wyatt Cooper, brought about a deadly shooting affray at a picnic on Straight Fork Saturday, in which two were killed instantly, and many wounded. Logan and Cooper were deadly enemies, and when they met at the picnic Logan opened fire, killing Cooper at the first shot. He fired five other bullets into his prostrate body, and then the latter's friends took up the fight and the shooting became general. An unknown man was killed and about twenty were wounded, some fatally, it is believed.

Young Woman Abducted from Her Room.

Los Angeles, Cal., June 29.—The little town of Downey, in the southern part of the county, is terribly excited over a case of abduction Sunday night. Miss Mains, the daughter of respectable, well-to-do people, was chloroformed and taken from her bed room in her night dress by an unknown man who entered through a window. At daylight next morning the young woman was found wandering in a dazed condition several miles from home. She has been unable as yet to give a clear description of her strange abductor.

Judge Lynch Uses Dynamite.

Franklin, Ky., June 29.—George Dinning, a negro who killed Jodie Conn, a young farmer, last January, was brought here yesterday for trial with a guard of two militia companies from Frankfort. From a squad of three men last night a dynamite bomb was hurled at the jail. It exploded without doing great damage. Lieutenant F. L. Gordon, of the Frankfort militia, fired his revolver at the squad and thinks he hit one man.

Sunday Entertainment in Mississippi.

Aberdeen, Miss., June 29.—A negro named Parry Gilliam was forcibly taken from the Monroe county jail late Sunday night, carried five miles from town and hung to a tree in the middle of the big road where his body was found early yesterday morning swinging a lifeless corpse. He was charged with having robbed a white woman at Okolona Saturday afternoon and attempted a criminal assault upon her.

EX-GOV. BOIES AND FREE SILVER.

Declares He Now Holds the Position He Has Always Held.

Waterloo, Ia., June 29.—The publication of Ex-Governor Boies' letter to Colonel Fox, of Des Moines, has caused him to be flooded with queries concerning the grounds he has taken and for further explanation in regard to his meaning. When he was seen at his home he stated that his letter was no departure from the position he has always maintained. "I have renounced free silver at the ratio of 16 to 1," he said, "but no more so than I always have. My position is unchanged and is in accord with the plank which I sought to have introduced in our state platform at the Dubuque convention last year, but which the radical silver men objected to then and do now."

What the ex-governor says in his letter to Colonel Fox is this: "For one, I do not believe it possible to succeed upon a platform that demands the unqualified free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 with gold. We have fought that battle and it is lost. We can never fight it over under circumstances more favorable to ourselves. If we hope to succeed we must abandon this extreme demand."

Scores on the Ball Field.

Chicago, June 29. — Following are League base ball scores: At New York—Baltimore 2, New York 4; at Philadelphia—Washington 6, Philadelphia 7; at Cleveland—Pittsburg 2, Clevpland 12; at Boston—Brooklyn 8, Boston 9; at Chicago—Louisville 7, Chicago 2; at St. Louis—Rain.

Western League: At Detroit—Indianapolis 20, Detroit 5; at Columbus—Grand Rapids 12, Columbus 8; at Milwaukee—Mineapolis 4, Milwaukee 12.

Western Association: At Des Moines—Dubuque 3, Des Moines 5; at St. Joseph—Rockford 1, St. Joseph 8.

Illinois Wheelmen in Session.

Springfield, Ills., June 29.—The meeting of the Illinois division of the League of American Wheelmen was held in the representatives' hall yesterday. Secretary-Treasurer Root reported that the year was not so prosperous as anticipated, recommended the publication of a road book, and reported that a committee is working on the book, but it won't be ready for several months. He thought the membership could be increased to 10,000.

ABBREVIATED TELEGRAMS.

Joe Smith, a boy of Curba, Ills., crawled through a hedge and pulled a rifle after him, muzzle first. He is dead.

A St. Louis inventor is planning a trolley air ship line to Chicago.

An extraordinary session of the Iowa legislature will convene Thursday afternoon.

The Mayville (Wis.) Exchange bank has been incorporated with a capital stock of $25,000. Ex-Land Commissioner S. W. Lamoroux holds 275 shares.

Mrs. Zella Howes, of Mendon, Mich., is making a quilt containing 3,360 pieces. The quilt is quite a souvenir, as all the calico pieces were taken from her own dresses, many of them purchased during the war times, when she was a child.

A movement is on foot in Des Moines to consolidate four of the largest banks—the Iowa National, the Bankers' State, the Polk County Savings, and the Des Moines Savings. Collectively they have capital stocks of $500,000.

Robert J. Powley was killed today in the electric chair at Auburn, N. Y., for killing his wife March 8 last, at Niagara Falls.

Minnie Rose, aged 20, the only daughter of Louis Rose, of the C. and L. Rose Curing and Cold Storage company, St. Louis, whose mind was unbalanced by the great tornado of May 27, 1896, committed suicide yesterday by taking a dose of Paris green.

The striking employes of the Eleanor Iron works, of Hollidaysburg, Pa., held a meeting and decided to resume work, at a compromise of $2.75 a ton for puddling.

The senate has confirmed the nomination of Thomas C. Dawson, of Iowa, to be secretary of the legation at Rio de Janeiro.

Nine children have been killed and many others injured by the collapse of a church wall at Solana, in the province of Ciudad Real, Spain.

On July 4, Peter S. McNally, of Boston, will attempt to swim from England to France across the English channel. His course will be from Dover to Calais, twenty-one nautical miles.

One local union of the United Garment Workers of America—1,500 strong—has joined Debs' Social Democracy in a body.

SHIP ABLAZE AT SEA.

Fire in the Hold of the City of Rome Is Promptly Extinguished.

New York, June 28.—The Anchor line steamer City of Rome arrived Monday from Glasgow and Moville, after a thrilling experience with fire on board ship. Captain Hugh Young reports that the steamer sailed on June 19 with fifty-six saloon, ninety second cabin, and 150 steerage passengers, and a cargo of general merchandise. On Saturday at 2:30 p. m., in latitude 41.28, longitude 63.29, the bridge officer detected smoke issuing from No. 4 hold, immediately forward of the bridge.

Dense volumes of smoke soon began to ascend. The fire alarm was quickly sounded, and the crew beat to quarters. Meanwhile an officer was detailed to notify the passengers who were calmly sitting on or promenading the decks. In a few minutes hose was stretched along the deck from the engine room to the hold, where the fire was then raging. Steam and water were turned into the burning compartment, and at 5 p. m. the fire was under control. Further precautions were then taken to prevent a possible outbreak and spread of the fire to the adjoining compartments.

Another detachment of the crew was ordered to stand by in case of emergency, and streams of water were kept constantly pouring into the burning compartments and on the main deck in the immediate vicinity of the fire. The cargo in the burning hold consisted chiefly of jute goods, and will probably be a total loss.

NOVEL SCHEME AT SAFE CRACKING.

Burglars at Chagrin Falls, O., Bring the Trolley Wire into Use.

Cleveland, June 28.—Burglars resorted to a novel scheme to open a bank safe at Chagrin Falls, this county, Sunday night. They entered the bank of Rogers & Son some time early in the evening. They had previously attached a wire to the trolley line of the electric railway. This wire was run through an alley, over a transom and to the safe. Another attached to the rail of the street car track was brought into the bank. At the ends of these wires were carbon points. With these carbons an attempt was made with the arc light thus formed to melt the knob of the combination. The experiment worked all right, and the knob had been nearly melted away when the current was shut off shortly after midnight. The burglars then gave up the task. The job was planned scientifically. The thieves had even gone to the trouble of placing a little pile of sand under the knob for the molten metal to fall on, thus avoiding setting fire to the floor. There is no clew to the burglars.

BIG CROWD AT OSHKOSH.

Saengerfest's Sunday Programme Attracts Many Visitors.

Oshkosh, Wis., June 28.—The Sunday programme of the saengerfest drew at least 15,000 visitors to this city. They came by all the railroads and steamboats. The Liedertofel of Milwaukee came over the St. Paul road in sixteen coaches. The Northwestern brought excursions from Wausau, Manitowoc, Menominee, Princeton, Ripon, Janesville, and Watertown, and an excursion from Marshfield, which arrived by the Central line. This last consisted of seventeen coaches.

During the forenoon the time was spent looking over the city. After dinner came the parade and picnic. The parade was a splendid spectacle. Nearly all the societies had some distinctive garb or design, which added interest to the event. A vocal and instrumental concert of an informal character was held at Exposition hall, and the day's doings concluded with a summer night's festival at the fair grounds. The next saengerfest will be held at Stevens Point.

Rev. Gates on the Boat Race.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 28.—Rev. Mr. Gates of the Hedding M. E. church of this city took the boat races for his subject Sunday night. He said in part: "What profit are the races to Poughkeepsie? Many were made poorer by the races; many a man took his first glass of whisky after the race. I am opposed to the races. When I saw ladies and gentlemen and children yelling on the streets I thought that if they were only at prayer meeting opening their mouths as loud as they did for Cornell what a meeting we would have."

Water-Logged Schooner Picked Up.

Menomhee, Mich., June 28.—Water-logged and with her crew and captain in the rigging for shelter, the schooner Elizabeth was picked up Sunday in Green bay floating helpless. She was discovered by the tug North Muskegon and brought into this port. The cargo consisted of cordwood from Two Rivers, which alone kept the boat from sinking. The captain and the men were driven from the deckload by the rising water, and after putting up distress signals, perched in the shrouds.

Funeral of Congressman Cooke.

Chicago, June 28.—Impressive religious and ritualistic ceremonies were held over the remains of Congressman Edward Dean Cooke at the residence of his brother, Wilson H. Cooke, 724 Winthrop avenue, Edgewater. The body lay in state in the east parlor of the residence until the funeral services began. The congressional committee and committee from the Germania, Marquette, and Twentieth Ward Republican clubs, of which the congressman was a member, were present.

More

Medical value in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other preparation.

More skill, more care, more expense in manufacture. It costs proprietor and dealer

More but it costs the consumer *less*, as he gets more doses for his money.

More curative power is secured by its peculiar combination, proportion and process.

More wonderful cures effected, more testimonials, more sales and more increase.

Many more reasons why you should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

MANAGING HORSES.

HOW YOU SHOULD AND HOW YOU SHOULD NOT TREAT THEM.

Horses Err From Ignorance, Pain or Fright. They Must Be Convinced That Resistance Is Useless—Use the Whip Sparingly and Never Kick the Animal.

Horses are essentially creatures of habit; of gentle, confiding dispositions, but excessively nervous; timid, at times irritable, and prone to resist strenuously anything that frightens them. If, for example, you put a rope halter on an unbroken colt and tie him to a post, the more the rope cuts into his tender skin the greater will be his struggles, while he will soon yield to a halter that inflicts no pain.

Through nervous fright horses sometimes become panic stricken and absolutely uncontrollable. They suffer also occasionally from what, for want of a better name, may be called "nervous paralysis," when they seem to be physically incapable of motion. This condition is almost invariably the result of brutal treatment, and the only reasonable explanation of it is that the first emotion aroused in the horse by punishment is fear; that when he finds that he cannot escape anger and a spirit of resistance are mingled with his fright, and that these combined emotions produce this morbid state.

The horse is quick to take advantage of the ignorance or the fear of those who control him. As compared with the dog, he is somewhat slow of comprehension, but he differs from the dog in this also—that he seldom becomes "too old to learn new tricks," and his memory is so retentive that he never forgets what he has once thoroughly learned.

It may also be set down as a rule, with but few exceptions, that he intends to do just right. If he err, it is from ignorance, pain or fright, rarely from stubbornness or vice. This seems to be generally unknown or at least disregarded, for of all animals the horse is the least understood, the most harshly judged and unjustly treated, and for the least infraction of discipline he is too often brutally punished. If men who train horses would control their tempers and endeavor to ascertain the cause of the animal's misbehavior, they would find that there is often a good excuse for his actions.

The eye is the best index to the animal's feelings. The ears are very expressive, but they do not reveal so plainly the emotions that are dominating him as the eye does. Therefore study the eye with its varying expressions, and when you can read its meaning you hold the key to one of the chief secrets of successful horse training.

The horse should be convinced that resistance is useless, but do not be impatient or harsh. Remember that success is the reward of unwearied patience. If you fail at first, keep trying until you succeed. Do not be discouraged if you do not seem to make much progress. Your task may take weeks or even months, but if you persevere you will triumph.

While it is true that with some horses the whip must be occasionally used, it should be the very last resort, and remember always that one, or at most two, cuts and a few sternly spoken words are more efficacious than an hour's punishment. There is no more vicious or false idea than that a horse is benefited by a "sound thrashing." On the contrary, it is the very worst thing you can do, because the horse's recollection of the pain and the fright occasioned by it is more vivid and enduring than his remembrance of why it was administered, and at your next lesson he is nervous and afraid and at the least note of anger in your voice (for horses judge the mood of the trainer by his manner and his tone of voice) he may become almost uncontrollable in his efforts to escape the expected flagellation.

It is a safe rule for any one having a hasty temper not to have a whip at hand. The temptation to use it may be too great. And it is also wise not to attempt to teach him when you are in a bad humor, for if he does not do just right you will probably vent some of it on him.

When whipping is used only as a last resort, the necessity for it seldom arises. As the horse makes progress in his education he understands better what is required of him and transgresses less frequently, and nearly always a sound rating when he knows that he is misbehaving is sufficient. Smetimes when this is disregarded a slap with the open hand will cause instant obedience.

There are two forms of punishment, or rather brutality, that are inexcusable under any circumstances—these are striking a horse over the head, no matter how light the blow, and kicking him—and aside from their inhumanity there is great danger of permanently injuring him. Whenever during a lesson a colt or young horse becomes heated and angry, cease at once, and if you have been impatient and abused him keep away from him and do not approach him until he has forgotten the occurrence.

Be soothing and gentle in your manner and your tone of voice. Win his confidence, and you will never regret it, for then in the hour of danger your voice and the touch of your hand reassure him, and he will face imminent peril if only you are near.

In conclusion never forget that the triumph of the trainer's art is in willing and cheerful obedience from a desire to please, and because long custom has made it a habit, not because the horse fears to disobey through dread of punishment.—Our Animal Friends.

Many of the streets of Paris are lined with trees. If a tree dies, another of the same kind, age and size is brought from the state forests and put in its place. The cost is something tremendous, but Paris is the most beautiful of modern cities.

STUART, THE PAINTER.

Curious Hits Born of His Faculty For Reading Faces.

"I don't want people to look at my pictures and say how beautiful the drapery is. The face is what I care about," said Stuart, the great American painter. He was once asked what he considered the most characteristic feature of the face. He replied by pressing the end of his pencil against the tip of his nose, distorting it oddly.

His faculty at reading physiognomy sometimes made curious hits. There was a person in Newport celebrated for his powers of calculation, but in other respects almost an idiot. One day Stuart, being in the British museum, came upon a bust whose likeness was apparently unmistakable. Calling the curator, he said, 'I see you have a head of 'Calculating Jemmy.'"

"'Calculating Jemmy!'" repeated the curator in amazement. "That is the head of Sir Isaac Newton."

On another occasion, while dining with the Duke of Northumberland, his host privily called his attention to a gentleman and asked the painter if he knew him. Stuart had never seen him before.

"Tell me what sort of a man he is."

"I may speak frankly?"

"By all means."

"Well, if the Almighty ever wrote a legible hand he is the greatest rascal that ever disgraced society."

It appeared that the man was an attorney who had been detected in sundry dishonorable acts.

Stuart's daughter tells a pretty story of her father's garret, where many of his unfinished pictures were stored:

"The garret was my playground, and a beautiful sketch of Mme. Bonaparte was the idol that I worshiped. At last I got possession of colors and an old panel and fell to work copying the picture. Suddenly I heard a frightful roaring sound. The kitchen chimney was on fire. Presently my father appeared, to see if the fire was likely to do any damage. He saw that I looked very foolish at being caught at such presumptuous employment and pretended not to see me. But presently he could not resist looking over my shoulder.

"'Why, boy,' said he—so he used to address me—'you must not mix your colors with turpentine. You must have some oil.'"

It is pleasant to add that the little girl who thus found her inspiration eventually became a portrait painter of merit.—Youth's Companion.

FOR AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

Take Only Half the Clothes You Think You Will Need.

"Take only half the clothing that you think you will need for an ocean voyage and do not attempt to have a small trunk in your stateroom," writes Emma M. Hooper in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Have in your largest shawl strap a traveling rug, heavy wrap—a golf cape is excellent—sun umbrella, rubbers, small cushion to tie on the back of your deck chair, a warm dress of plain design, and a flannel wrapper to use as a nightgown. Wear a chamois pocket well secured with a tape about the waist for your letter of credit, jewelry, money, etc.

"In a large traveling bag place a change of underwear, hose, bedroom slippers and needed toilet articles, with which include a small hot water bag, bottle of salts, vaseline, box of cathartic pills and bottle of camphor. Do not forget a comfortable cloth steamer cap and a gauze veil if you are afraid of a little sunburn. Wear a jacket suit of mixed cheviot or serge and a silk waist on board. After starting put on the older gown and lounge in it until you land, when it can be given to a stewardess. Some travelers try to dress for dinner and carry a steamer trunk filled with silk waists and fancy neckwear, but for an eight day journey this is poor taste and a lot of trouble. Others have the small trunk in the cabin, and before landing pack the things in it that are to be used only on the return voyage, and send it to the ship company's office until their return. It must be remembered that 30 pounds of baggage is the average weight allowed free on the continent. Warm wraps and woolen underwear are necessary at all seasons going across the Atlantic."

Friendship In Kentucky.

When Judge Pendleton grows reminiscent, he is always interesting, and when Mr. Henry Tompkins walked in he said: "Mr. Tompkins, your cousin, Louis Garth, was the only bully I ever saw who was a brave man. He was the most overbearing man I ever saw. He was in a poker game in camp with Lieutenant Forrest, a brother of General N. B. Forrest, and he called Forrest a liar. Forrest pulled his pistol, a double barreled weapon, and, placing it to Garth's breast, he pulled the trigger. The cartridge failed to fire, and Garth spat out a chew of tobacco and without moving a muscle said, "Lieutenant, you had better try the other barrel." Forrest put his weapon up and said, "Garth, you are a brave man, and I will not shoot a brave man." They were inseparable friends forever afterward.—Owensboro Inquirer.

The Spear.

In old days, when the spear was used as a weapon of war, men had to be very careful how they carried it. If in a strange country they bore their spears point forward, it was taken as a declaration of war, while if they carried them on their shoulders with the point backward they were treated as friends.

It is my creed that a man has no claim upon his fellow creatures beyond bread and water and a grave, unless he can win it by his own strength or skill. —Hawthorne.

Let him who neglects to raise the fallen fear lest when he falls no one will stretch out his hand to lift him up.—Saadi.

STEERING A STEAMSHIP.

"Running the Time and Distance" In Foggy Weather.

Gustav Kobbe has an article entitled "Steering Without a Compass" in St. Nicholas. Mr. Kobbe says:

The degree of A. B. is not confined to college graduates. Aboard ship it means "able bodied" seaman.

Every nautical "A. B." knows how to "box the compass" and how to steer by it, but you will be surprised to learn that no good helmsman will steer by a compass unless all other things fail him. Among those "other things" are the horizon, the wind, the wake of the ship, the stars, the soundings and the line of the surf when running along the coast. And so the ablebodied seaman, when a greenborn takes his trick at the wheel, hands over the helm to him with this caution, "Keep your head out of the binnacle."

I am speaking of sailing vessels. Steamers, especially those that travel on regular routes, steer by compass. They "run their courses" from point to point—from lighthouse to lighthouse, lightship, day mark, buoy, bell or fog whistle. In thick weather they know, taking wind and tide into consideration, how long they should stand on each course and try never to pass the "signal" at the end of it. When they have seen or heard that signal, they start on the next "run" or course. This is called "running the time and distance." I have gone into Halifax on a steamer that met with thick fog from Cape Cod down. One morning the captain said to me:

"We ought to pick up Sambro in half an hour."

Surely enough, about half an hour later we heard, through the fog, a cannon shot, the distinguishing fog signal of the Sambro light station on the Nova Scotian coast.

Real sailors—the Jack tars that man sailing vessels—actually prefer, as I have said, to steer by signs rather than by compass, and there are times when the steamer pilots have to.

THE OPEN BOAT.

At the Mercy of the Sea—Stephen Crane Describes His Sensations.

In the meantime the oiler rowed, and then the correspondent rowed, and then the oiler rowed. Gray faced and bowed forward, they mechanically, turn by turn, plied the leaden oars. The form of the lighthouse had vanished from the southern horizon, but finally a pale star appeared, just lifting from the sea. The streaked saffron in the west passed before the all merging darkness, and the sea to the east was black. The land had vanished and was expressed only by the low and drear thunder of the surf.

"If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life?"

The patient captain, drooped over the water jar, was sometimes obliged to speak to the oarsman.

"Keep her head up! Keep her head up!"

"'Keep her head up,' sir," The voices were weary and low.

This was surely a quiet evening. All save the oarsman lay heavily and listlessly in the boat's bottom. As for him, his eyes were just capable of noting the tall black waves that swept forward in a most sinister silence, save for an occasional subdued growl of a crest.

The cook's head was on a thwart, and he looked without interest at the water under his nose. He was deep in other scenes. Finally he spoke. "Billie," he murmured dreamfully, "what kind of pie do you like best?"—"The Open Boat," by Stephen Crane, in Scribner's.

England and Russia.

Many believe, says Benjamin I. Wheeler in The Atlantic, that Constantinople has been systematically fortified against the English to the west, but not, at least by land, against Russia to the east. A Russian army can enter Constantinople without great difficulty. When the question of forcing the Dardanelles with an English fleet was agitated last winter, the English naval authorities estimated that of the 19 ships lying at Salonika 6 must be sacrificed to do it. The cards have been stacked for Russia. It looks today as if the ultimate occupation of Constantinople by Russia were a foregone conclusion.

What has England to say? The matter concerns her. It seemed for a time that the discovery of the route by the cape of Good Hope would provide an evasion of the eastern question and free her from the necessity of worrying about the Ægean. But the opening of the Suez canal has changed things, and, as if by jealous interposition of geographic fate, drawn the issue back to the old fighting ground in the eastern Mediterranean. If she is to hold India and Australia, England must control the Suez canal and its approaches.

An Expensive Product.

It is said that the most costly product in the world is charcoal thread. It is at present made in Paris, but by an artisan who carefully conceals himself from the public the better to guard the secret of his craft. Charcoal thread is sold at wholesale by the gramme (15½ grains) and is used for incandescent lamps. That for the 30 candle lamp costs $12,000 per pound and that for 20 candles $8,000 per pound.—New York Ledger.

With the Lights Turned Down.

"Do you notice any increase in your gas bills since your daughters are old enough to receive company, professor?"

"You have recalled something, sir, that is inexplicable to me. We regard mathematics as a fixed science, and yet it is a fact that I pay less for gas than when the entire household used to retire together. It's astounding."—Detroit Free Press.

PARSONS' TWO FEATS.

A HARD STROKE AND A REMARKABLE RIDE DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Cut a Man's Head Off With a Saber—Rode Two Hundred Miles In Eighteen Hours. Other Instances of Decapitation In Battle.

It is claimed by authorities on the art of war that the greatest blow of the campaign between Greece and Turkey was struck by Colonel Mahmoud Bey, who with one swift stroke of his sword completely severed a Greek officer's head from his body. These same authorities generously admit that this trick may have been quite common in ancient times, when stalwart men swung heavy battleaxes, but they agree that it is practically unknown in modern warfare.

History is silent on the subject. There is not a plethora of literature bearing on its accomplishment. The original of all such stories is, of course, "The Adventures of Jack the Giant Killer," which, for obvious reasons, does not help the subject. Scott describes a similar episode in "The Talisman," but the best decapitation story, from an artistic point of view, is found in the memoirs of Captain John Smith. The doughty captain vouches for the veracity of the details, though that is no good reason why we should not use the customary pinch of salt. According to his truthful chronicle, he overcame in tournament the three champions of the Turkish army, decapitating each one with a single blow of his heavy sword.

A writer who is evidently informed on the subject claims that Mahmoud Bey could not have accomplished the feat of decapitation with an ordinary saber and asserts that the Turk's yataghan was "loaded" with quicksilver. The yataghan, he explains, is a short sword, shaped something like a butcher's cleaver, with an apparently hollow tube running along the back from hilt to point. This tube carries a charge of quicksilver. When the sword is laid upright, this quicksilver rests at the hilt. As a blow is struck the liquid metal is hurled down the grooved channel, lending deadly additional weight to the blow.

The assertion made that this is the sole instance of its kind in the history of 100 years is not borne out by facts. The same feat was performed during the civil war, not with a "loaded" yataghan, but with an ordinary United States army saber. The man who wielded the sword in this episode, Colonel E. Bloss Parsons, died recently in Rochester. Colonel Parsons was one of the wealthiest and best known men in New York state, and though he had never related the story the details were found among his private papers after his death. The incident was illustrated and described in Harper's Weekly at the time.

It was in 1864. Colonel Parsons, who was noted as a horseman, was attached to General Sheridan's staff. While reconnoitering one day with a squad of troopers under General Davis they were surprised by a detachment of Confederate cavalry. A pitched battle ensued, and Parsons, who was in the rear, saw a rebel officer level a revolver at General Davis' head. Jabbing the spurs into his horse, he swung his saber above his head, and, dashing by just as the officer fired, he made a terrific full arm sweep. The Confederate's head leaped from the shoulders as swiftly as if it had been severed by a guillotine. The feat is more remarkable when it is considered that Parsons was a slim, beardless fellow of 21. In comparison Mahmoud Bey's single slash with his yataghan loses much of its importance.

Colonel Parsons was brevetted general for distinguished services during the war, but characteristic modesty forbade the use of that title when he returned to civilian life. Not only did he perform the only authentic feat of decapitation during the civil war, but he was the hero of a remarkable ride. A few days before the battle of Gettysburg was fought General Meade had an important message to send to General Harding, 100 miles distant. As the route was through a country swarming with rebels, the message was written on tissue paper, that it might be swallowed in case the carrier was captured. The commander was in doubt regarding a suitable messenger. He summoned General Davis to headquarters.

"General, who is the hardest rider, as well as the most trustworthy man, in the service?" asked Meade.

"Colonel Parsons, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Send him to me at once."

It was 6 o'clock on a Monday night when General Meade gave the young officer his instructions. He was to ride with all haste to General Harding's headquarters and return at once with an answer.

The messenger retired. Two hundred miles were to be covered. The roads were heavy, and they led through the enemy's country.

Exactly at noon on the following day Colonel Parsons entered General Meade's tent. The latter's face grew purple with rage, and he ripped out a string of oaths.

"Is this the way you obey orders?" he thundered. "What are you hanging around camp for? You ought to be with General Harding by this time."

"I have just returned from General Harding, sir."

"You lie!" exclaimed the exasperated general.

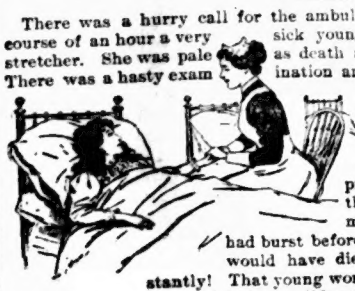
Parson's face paled, and he dug the nails in his hands to restrain himself. "General Meade," he said in a voice that ill concealed his anger, "if you were not my commanding officer, I would knock you down for that insult."

Without the formality of a salute he turned on his heel and left the tent. Meade afterward made an ample apology.

Colonel Parsons killed two horses and went himself without a particle of food. For 18 hours he was not out of the saddle.—Chicago Times-Herald.

AN INCIDENT AT THE CITY HOSPITAL.

A Woman's Life Barely Saved by a Critical Operation—Her Health Destroyed.



There was a hurry call for the ambulance of the City Hospital. In the course of an hour a very sick young woman was brought in on a stretcher. She was pale as death and evidently suffering keen agony. There was a hasty examination and a consultation. In less than a quarter of an hour the poor creature was on the operating table to undergo the operation called ovariotomy.

There was no time for the usual preparation. Her left ovary was on the point of bursting; when it was removed, it literally disintegrated. If it had burst before removal, she would have died almost instantly! That young woman had had warnings enough in the terrible pains, the burning sensation, the swelling low down on her left side. No one advised her, so she suffered tortures and nearly lost her life. I wish I had met her months before, so I could have told her of the virtues of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. As it is now, she is a wreck of a woman.

Oh, my sisters, if you will not tell a doctor your troubles, do tell them to a woman who stands ever ready to relieve you! Write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., confide freely to her all your troubles, and she will advise you free of charge; and if you have any of the above symptoms take the advice of Miss Agnes Tracy, who speaks from experience and says:

"For three years I had suffered with inflammation of the left ovary, which caused dreadful pains. I was so badly affected that I had to sleep with pillows under my side, and then the pain was so great it was impossible to rest.

"Every month I was in bed for two or three days. I took seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am entirely cured. I think there is no medicine to be compared with the Compound for female diseases. Every woman who suffers from any form of female weakness should try it at once." Miss Agnes Tracy, Box 432, Valley City, N. D.

THE QUEST.

Upon my lips there fell when first the night
Pales in the highest heaven, seeing day
Far down the fathomless eastern depths away—
Pales with a fearful joy, a dread delight—
Upon my lips, with wakeful watching white
There fell a kiss. One instant's space it lay
Soft as a roseleaf that the west winds fray,
And then my eyes awoke to dazzled sight.

The warmth, the tender impact and the thrill
Burnt on my lips, and the calm pulse of sleep
Awoke and quivered quick in soft surprise.
From that day forward knew I love!
And still
By day I search and nightly vigil keep
For her revealed to me in such strange wise.
—The Late H. C. Bunner in Scribner's.

THE BOER AT HOME.

He Does Not Hate All Englishmen, Only Some of Them.

Bryant Lindley met a Boer and asked the way. He received a surly answer which amounted to "Go to the devil!" Upon this he protested angrily, and the Boer rejoined in equal bad humor. At length the Boer shouted, "What's your name anyway?" and when he heard it his manner altered, and he claimed, "What, and are you the son of the great American missionary Daniel Lindley?" My friend gladly pleaded guilty to this charge, and the surly Boer became at once the most hospitable friend and begged forgiveness for his rudeness. As they rode together toward the road which my friend was seeking the Boer recounted with grateful satisfaction the many good deeds performed by the elder Lindley, but of them all the best to him was that represented by a sound thrashing he had once received at the hands of this venerable missionary. For it appeared that this particular Boer in his youth had been sent to a school taught by Lindley; that the Dutchman was noted for his size and strength and had bragged of his capacity to down the teacher, and had actually sought the opportunity by refusing obedience. But he soon learned that he had made a gross mistake, for this particular missionary was also a noted athlete and gave him such a hiding with a bullock whip that the young giant roared for mercy before the whole school. And for this and similar deeds the Boers loved the elder Lindley, and this particular Boer venerated his memory.

On the evening in question, when the two men were about to part, the Boer, who had been so uncivil at first, begged Lindley, with tears in his eyes, to grant him a great favor for the sake of his conscience. "Your father," said he, "did me a service so great that I can never repay it—he gave me the worst thrashing I ever had—he saved my character, and I am a better man today, thanks to him."

My friend cheerfully promised to grant the request, puzzling his head as to what was going to be required of him. The Boer was mounted upon an excellent horse, which he prized beyond anything he owned. He dismounted, put the reins in Lindley's hand and then ran away into the black forest as though the devil were after him. Here was no Indian giving. This Boer had put it out of the power of the American to discover the name or whereabouts of the strange giver.

It is a story typical of the Boer and serves to illustrate many apparent contradictions in his nature. He does not hate Englishmen in general. He hates only those who seem to threaten his peculiar quality of independence.—"The Dutch Feeling Toward England," by Poultney Bigelow, in Harper's Magazine.

The Old Sandbox.

"Blotting paper," said a man of mature years, "has been commonly used for only about 40 years. Before that we used sand, which was poured from a sand box out upon the paper. Enough of it adhered to the wet ink to keep it from blotting. The rest was poured back into the box. I think I liked the old sand box better than I do the modern blotting paper. Sometimes when you opened a letter you would find sand in the envelope, which had rubbed off the letter in transit. But that didn't do any hurt, and the letter itself was more sightly to look at than the letter of today. It did not shade off pale, where fresh ink had been taken from one lines bodily by the blotter—it was uniform in color. And the lines, fine and coarse, were just as the writer made them—not blended or blurred or softened or spread out, more nearly uniform. They were clear and precise and characteristic of the writer.

"I liked the old sand box, but of course we couldn't use it now; we're too busy."—New York Sun.

FOREST MONSTERS.

Some of the Giant Trees That Are Found In California.

In the national parks and forest preserves of California the big trees are by far the most interesting and greatest natural features. There are two varieties—namely, Sequoia sempervirens, ordinarily known as the redwood, the tree which has furnished most of the redwood lumber of commerce, and the Sequoia gigantea, from which a comparatively small amount of similar lumber has also been manufactured. The former is the smaller variety and grows on the foothills along the coast. The latter attains a considerably larger growth, is, more strictly speaking, the "big tree" of California, and is seldom found at a lower altitude than 5,000 feet.

Scattered along the extent of the Sierra Nevadas from north to south are many distinct and separate groups or groves of Sequoia gigantea. These are generally known by names significant of locality, as, for instance, "Calaveras," "Tuolumne," "Mariposa" and "Fresno," names of the counties in which the groves so called are situated. The Tuolumne grove is in the Yosemite park, and the Mariposa near by. This latter is the one most frequently visited by tourists and contains the "Wawona"—a tree with a hole burned in its base, through which the stage road runs and four horse stages are driven without difficulty—and the "Grizzly Giant," one of the largest trees in the world.

The stately grandeur of these enormous and lofty trees is so impressive that it seems quite fit and natural that some of the larger ones should have been individualized and honored with distinguished titles. Nearly every state in the Union and every distinguished general of the civil war has a namesake among them. The "General Grant," in the General Grant park, and the "General Sheridan" of the "Giant forest" (situated in the Sequoia park) are individuals of the largest size. It is difficult to determine just which of the big trees is the largest, but these two and the "Grizzly Giant"—the gnarly base of any one of which will exceed 30 feet in diameter—are probably the biggest trees yet discovered.

The trees often grow in such inaccessible mountain retreats that some of the territory covered by them has never yet been thoroughly and systematically explored. Outside the lands reserved by the government a California lumber company owns several thousand acres of these trees—enough to last 40 years, cutting many millions of feet per year. —Harper's Weekly.

Supplying All Wants.

The Peddler—I have the most excellent silver polish.

The Lady of the House—Don't need it. I haven't got any silver.

"Well, then, it will take grease spots out of wall paper."

"Haven't got any wall paper."

"Then it will renew the curl in feathers."

"Haven't got any feathers."

"Well, then, it will make oil paintings look like new."

"Haven't got any oil paintings."

"Well, then, a little taken internally will make you feel as if you had some of these things. Good day."—London Answers.

Disappointment Qualified.

Lady—I was awfully sorry, professor, I was unable to come to your lecture last night. Were there many there?

The Professor (Irish)—Um—well—not so many as I expected. But I never thought there would be. — London Punch.

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CHICAGO, JULY 3, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Chas. Frohman's Company in "Never Again."

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE,
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"A Hot Member."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—McCaull Comic Opera Company.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ENGLAND'S FOOLISH "BLUFF" AT SPITHEAD.

John Bull, after all, is a vain, gasconading old chap. He stuffed himself full of roast beef and plum pudding, if he were rich enough, on Tuesday week; if poor he contented himself with scraps and tainted meat at the Princess of Wales' "charity" tables; but, whether rich or poor, he went to Spithead, in rear of the Isle of Wight, Saturday, to see his big fleet show off. He had there 166 [illegible] of different kinds, drawn up in six lines, each about five miles long, and carrying 45,000 men and a prodigious number of guns. A seventh line was formed by the visiting vessels of different nations. Our own official fools sent the Brooklyn, carrying Rear-Admiral Miller.

Now, what does all this display amount to? Was it intended to "strike terror?" If so, it failed of its purpose. So also, did the gratuitious announcement, made by an official of the admiralty, that, if necessary, England could call into home waters another fleet equally stupendous. Europe, no doubt, found an object lesson at Spithead. Here was a country smaller than any other great power—a pigmy compared with Russia, Germany and France, at home, ruling over a vast empire, simply because of her commercial dash and naval supremacy! What said the rulers of these big military powers one to the other: We have been fools. We have done too much on land, and too little on sea. This English pigmy is like a small turtle girt round about by a mighty shell of steel armor. None of us can face her on the ocean individually. We doubt much if, as we stand, we could do it collectively, but, from henceforth, let us get ready to it. We can dispense with some of our army corps, in order to add to our naval squadrons. When we have enough men-of-war, let us act together, and wipe England, as she exists, off the map. Afterward we can divide up the plunder, or settle our differences in any way that may best suit us.

But the military powers may take only a superficial view of the case. Granting that England may have over three hundred warships in commission, what is the number of her merchant marine, which carries her flag into every corner of the globe? Her *registered* merchant vessels are about 23,000, with a total tonnage of some nine and a quarter millions! Give her 350 warships, and there would be only one for every sixty-four merchantmen! Subtract coast defense, torpedo and other craft not suitable for distant operations—say, at least, one-half her power, and she would have one fighting vessel for every 128 that couldn't fight or, at least, fight only in a feeble manner.

If Russia, France and Germany were to bring a combined fleet of 150 first and second-class battleships against her tomorrow, would England be able to meet the combination with assurance of victory? We don't believe it. Her commercial exigencies would immediately scatter her fleet. She would be embarrassed by those 23,000 merchantmen, on which the sun never sets. The big military powers would see to it that privateers were racking her commerce in the more distant seas, while they threatened her at her home. If she lost one big sea fight! If 300,000 men were landed on the Kent or Sussex shore! Why, there would be a second Hastings, and the cavalry of Europe would water their horses in the Thames in, say, 1898, as they did in the Seine in 1814! And London! "My God! What a noble city to loot!" exclaimed old Blucher to Wellington, when he visited the British metropolis after Napoleon's abdication. There would be fine pickings there for the Uhlans and the Cossacks!

"The growth of the British Empire" has been advertised ad nauseam since the Jubilee rage began. In sixty years it has increased nearly two-thirds, if English diagrams, and American copies of the same, are to be relied upon. We believe the usual computation now is that Great Britain owns one-sixth of the whole real estate of the globe—more than Cæsar, or Alexander, or Napoleon ever owned. Europe, headed by England, trampled on the latter, because he grabbed too much territory. Now Europe, headed by Germany, by France, or by Russia, may repeat to England the lesson it taught the great Corsican.

What is the situation? India is, practically, in revolt. "Seditious" placards, denouncing the recent Jubilee, have been scattered broadcast, and several British officers, military and civil, have been assassinated in a stealthy and startling manner. Some of the bold hill tribes are in open rebellion, and everything seems to point toward another mutiny, bloodier, more bitter and widespread than that of 1857. Ireland has so plainly showed her hostile sentiment that there can be no further doubt in the mind of Europe, or America either, on that point. With England at peace, Ireland is virtually powerless. With England at war, Ireland would be a valuable ally to Europe and a formidable foe to her oppressor. The blood of 1798 still runs hotly in her veins.

Let it not be forgotten that in 1690, 1691, 1769, 1796 and 1798 French fleets effected landings in Ireland, although the seas were virtually covered by England's men-of-war. And those landings were effected, too, before the days of steam. How much easier should such landings be now, when the science of warlike navigation has become almost an exact one? Only a few months ago a British rear-admiral successfully demonstrated that Ireland could be invaded, even though defended by most of the North Atlantic and Channel squadrons! Let England boast! Pride goes before a fall. Xerxes reviewed his fleet before Salamis. Spithead and Salamis begin with the same letter.

REV. DR. PEPPER REBUKES CLERICAL FLUNKEYS AND TRAITORS.

A number of blatant pulpit pounders, generally called preachers, of different [illegible] religious denominations, intermingled, here and there, with an orthodox parson, have been reeling off a lot of type written eulogiums of the Queen of England, setting forth the alleged good she has done for mankind and so on. One preacher outlied the others in New York by asserting that, although the British government sympathized with the South in the rebellion, the "queen's heart"—a very small and shrivelled affair—was entirely with the North! The reverend dunce expected, no doubt, that his audience would swallow his falsehood unquestioningly, and so, perhaps, it did. But the current number of Willie Waldorf Astor's Pall Mall Magazine, published in London, brings with it sufficient contradiction by exhibiting a picture of the late rebel general, Robert E. Lee, copied from a portrait in oil of that soldier, "painted expressly for Queen Victoria!"

Now, we want to ask, what Northern general was painted expressly for the Queen of England? Was Grant? Was Sherman? Was Sheridan? Was Thomas? Was any one of the great Northern warriors of the Civil War painted expressly for "her Britannic majesty?" We trow not. What recognized military man of England accompanied the armies of the North? If any he must have been comparatively obscure, for the country remembers him not? It does, however, remember Bull Run Russell, who generally accompanied the British army in different parts of the world, and who is filled with all its prejudices against America and Americans. The country remembers that Bull Run Russell sought to brand Americans as cowards, in their first great battle, just as Chaplain Story, and his imitators, sought to brand the brave and faithful Irish army at the Boyne. It is a good old English game, well and successfully played for many ages. In this country, fortunately, it did not work, as Bull Run Russell and his employers lived to learn.

But what British officers of rank accompanied the Rebel hosts? None less than General, now Lord, Wolseley, and commander-in-chief of the British army, and Col. Fremantle, of the Guards. In the Capitol square at Richmond, Va., there stands a statue to Stonewall Jackson, "erected by English gentlemen," his admirers. What "English gentlemen" erected a statue to Phil Kearney, or to Wadsworth, or to Reynolds, or to Sedgewick, or to MacPherson, killed fighting for the Union and human liberty? Not one. Oh, those lying, anti-American, pro-English, traitor preachers, "with metaphors on their tongues and bribes in their pockets," who are trying so hard to undo the patriotic work of George Washington and the Fathers in this great but much betrayed country! We believe that nine-tenths of the Episcopalian parsons and three-fourths of the dissenting preachers would restore the reign of the House of Hanover in these United States if they could. They are working that way. They are poisoning the sentiments of their congregations Sunday after Sunday. They are bringing up the young not to be proud of America, but of Great Britain; not to be proud of George Washington, but of George III.; not to be proud of New Orleans, but of Waterloo; not to be proud of July Fourth, but of the 24th of May—the birthday of the Queen of England! But in contrast to this great array of sombre-clad traitors, we are glad to note one courageous, patriotic, noble-minded man—the Rev. George W. Pepper, Methodist clergyman of Ohio. In an address recently delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association of Cleveland, Dr. Pepper said:

"No honor to England's queen. Honor eternal and supreme be this day decreed to the mothers, wives and daughters of the patriotic soldiers of the war of the Union. They were and are our true American queens—more worthy of respect, recognition and love than the woman decked with the diadem of sovereignty, whose diamond jubilee is being celebrated by flatterers and sycophants. The coward, the venal and the mugwump may sneer at our American queens, but the lovers of liberty will bow the head in profound reverence before the women who, in the war of the Union, surrendered husbands and sons for the land of Washington. God bless them in their heroic sacrifices. I remember when a boy in Ireland, the land of my birth, of my love, I saw two queens! One of them was the crowned queen of the mighty empire, rich in all this world's wealth, girt by a gorgeous state, courted, flattered and obeyed with canine submissiveness. She came, as it was told in the newspapers, in a royal yacht, under royal steam, over the royal waves of the royal channel, to the royal harbor of Kingston. The royal queen, the royal husband, the royal children! There the royal train conveyed the royal visitors to visit royal exhibitions, who paid the royal price of ten shillings for admission to the royal building decorated with the royal ensign of her majesty's royal power. For three days of that royal summer the royal party remained in Ireland, until their royal limbs and royal eyes felt fatigue, until they retired to their royal bedrooms on board the royal yacht.

"The other queen was the wife of an American citizen. She came to Ireland without pomp or parade, and instantly the enthusiasm of the people blazes out in jubilee and welcome, and because she was a woman of genius, of humanity; honors denied royalty are paid to her. She is hailed and greeted by thousands of men with this inscription upon their hats: 'We have read Uncle Tom's Cabin. A hundred thousand welcomes to Harriet Beecher Stowe.'

"When I remember Gen. Sherman's stinging words to the British consul at Savannah, as he demanded protection: 'Don't speak to me, sir, of your neutrality; my soldiers have your queen's mark on every rebel gun, and they will never forget it.' When I think of her treachery to us in those sombre days—may my right hand forget its cunning if I join my voice in the chorus of congratulatings."

"THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION" IN IRELAND.

We met an American on the street a few days ago and he said, "Well, I've been over to Ireland and the laws there seem to me about the same as in England!" The poor fellow had been in Ireland a week and, Yankee like, came to this happy conclusion. Millions of Americans believe as he does. It is this ignorance of how Ireland is "governed" that makes so many of them hostile or indifferent to the Irish cause. For their information, we publish the following instructive extract from a speech delivered by Mr. John Redmond, M. P., at a big mass meeting held in Dublin on June 15:

"These sixty years (of Victoria's reign) have meant for Ireland a period during which the liberties of her people have been suspended year after year by successive Coercion Acts, so that I venture to think there has been, roughly speaking, a Coercion Act of some sort or other carried for Ireland for every one of the sixty years. It has been a period during which our population has been diminished by four millions, a period during which our country has suffered from one of the most terrible famines in the history of the world, a period during which oppression has driven the people upon at least two occasions into open insurrection, a period which is closing today with Irish political prisoners in English jails, and with the constitutional liberties of Ireland suspended and vested absolutely in the hands of an individual English nobleman. Let not anybody forget—I rather think that many Englishmen forget at this moment—that we are today in Ireland not living under the British constitution.

"That constitution, which guarantees to Englishmen the right of trial by jury, does not exist in Ireland today; trial by jury is dependent upon the whim of the lord lieutenant of the moment. By signing his name to a proclamation at this moment he can suspend trial by jury all over Ireland, he can suppress freedom of speech, he can suppress newspapers and forbid public meetings—in fact he can, at his will, under the law as it exists in Ireland, deprive the Irish people, at a moment's notice, of all those things which are rightly regarded by Britons as the bulwarks of their liberty. If these rights are not being exercised at this moment it does not affect our position, because our position is that of a nation of slaves, when our liberty from day to day and from hour to hour is dependent upon the caprice of an individual, and worse than all, not one of our own race, but of a foreign race sent here to represent a foreign government and a foreign senate."

WHY NOT UNIVERSAL REQUIEM MASS FOR THE IRISH FAMINE VICTIMS?

The Catholic clergy of Liverpool, England, certainly deserve hearty commendation for having offered requiem high mass, on the day of the Victorian Jubilee, for the souls of ten of their clerical brethren who perished of typhus fever, while ministering to the wants of the Irish victims of British cruelty in 1847. It is now fifty years since the greatest of famines, brought about by English misrule, half depopulated Ireland. There is not a man, or woman, of Irish blood in America who did not lose a relative, near or distant, in that awful visitation, not of providence but of man. Would it not be a noble deed for the Catholic clergy of the United States to say requiem mass for the souls of the victims of that famine on some day of this summer, which will be the semi-centennial summer of the monstrous tragedy? This suggestion comes to us from a patriotic Irish priest, and we hope it may be acted on throughout the length and breadth of the Union.

AN HONEST ENGLISH NEWSPAPER ON THE JUBILEE HUMBUG.

Our democratic English friend, Reynolds' Newspaper—a publication *never* quoted from by our virtuous and liberty-loving American daily press, which with the exception of the New York Sun and a few other decent journals, appears to be entirely given up to the beauties of arbitration and the glories of royalty—our friend Reynolds', we say, tells more truth in one day than the rest of the British press, with the American combined, does in ten years. It has been really good and thoroughly refreshing on the late jubilee, which it called "the mania." Undazzled by the glittering vision of horse guards blue, life guards, dragoon guards, dragoons, carbineers, hussars, lancers, infantry of the guard, linesmen, artillery, rifles and royal Irish constabulary it has ventured to suggest to England that the Queen of the Realm is not a goddess in the following blunt language:

"So, as we have pointed out before, while the queen has been knitting stockings, and going through the absurd formality of signing state papers, to keep up the shadow and show of authority, all these interested classes have been shouting before the people the wonderful merits of this decent old body, like so many paid puffers at a mock auction. And out of that large section of the people of this country whom Carlyle described as 'mostly fools,' they have received no small amount of support. The queen being selfish herself, gave a kind of official sanction to selfishness; the queen being dull extended the ægis of her authority over dulness; the queen being somewhat vulgar, excused the vulgarity of the English middle classes. In short, she was the epitome on the one hand of the dreary genius of roast beef and beer, and, on the other, of that conventionality and repectability which have been invented in England to cloak the icy emptiness of that commercial traveler of the sexes—the British matron!

"And now we are having a military display to celebrate the fact that this royal Mrs. Grundy has lived so long. In some faint way there is associated with this commemoration the fact of the progress of the nation as regards its material prosperity. And thus we are all called upon to toss up our caps and rejoice.

"The middle classes have answered with alacrity to the call. They have purchased seats, and they have ordered their necessary supplies of eatables and drinkables, and they are illuminating and displaying banners. The servile journalists of the press are prostituting their pens to this orgie of flunkeyism. It looks fair and seemly, but it is a seemliness of the Dead Sea fruit or the clean outside of the platter, while within there is nothing but rottenness and corruption. We have in our mind a novel addition to the jubilee procession, so that the nation may be fairly represented both in the eyes of our own people and of foreign nations. And if we might venture to make a suggestion to the lord chamberlain, he would hasten to lay before the queen the following proposed extension of the cavalcade that, on Tuesday will wend its way along the streets of London amid the huzzas of an ignorant or besotted mob. The list might be much extended, but we are content with these few representations of our common national life. Naturally, as the royal family are dependents upon the charity of the state, the paupers will come first. Therefore we should have—

"1,030,000 paupers—830,000 from England and Wales; 100,000 from Ireland; 100,000 from Scotland.

"Then as the queen is at the head of the State church, we might have the result of its administrations in one town alone to show how moral we are under the queen, that is to say—

"100,000 professional fallen women in London.

"The drunken, the mad, the criminal, would march together, a mighty army.

"Alas! we have not all with us who might contribute to swell the glory of the record reign, such as—

"The ghosts of 2,000,000 Irish men, women and children, done to death through the misgovernment and callous tyranny of successive class governments in England.

"The ghosts of nearly the whole Maori race of New Zealand slaughtered, robbed and diseased by the queen's subjects.

"Any remnant of the aboriginal Australians who survived the murder and rapine of the most Christian monarch, Victoria.

"All that is left of the Kaffirs, Zulus, and other dusky African tribes, after the well known 'civilizing' and 'Christianizing' process for which England has earned eternal notoriety.

"And as to those who still live in the 'Empire'—that is the word now-a-days—would it not be unfair to exclude—

"A representative contingent of loyal and contented East Indians.

"A deputation of Egyptians mad with joy at the English rule.

"The children ought not to be forgotten, so, consequently, without troubling the provinces, we might easily show in the metropolis alone—

"Half a million drunken slum mothers.

"Half a million starved and tattered slum children.

"One million persons living on the very verge of destitution.

"As a contrast, we would then show something from the West-end, as, for instance—

"A royal throne from Buckingham palace, scarcely ever used.

"A crown, never worn.

"An extensive collection of fops, mashers, women of fashion, bar loungers, betting-men, bruisers, quacks, sycophants, Pharisees, Pecksniffs and confidence-trick men.

"An enormous crowd of army and navy officers, pensioners and sinecurists living on the public taxes.

"A follower of Christ, who founded the workingman's religion, drawing his £15,000 a year, living in a palace, and consorting with the vicious wealthy.

"We have said enough to indicate the nature of the skeleton at this jubilee feast. How many of the millions of the Jubilee Jugginses who will crowd the streets of London this week will think of this aspect of the show? Will they not regard this little fat, old selfish woman as a kind of semi-divinity?

"There is one consolation. Greater than kings or emperors is an autocrat who puts the extinguisher upon all earthly hypocrisies. 'Golden lads and lasses must like chimney sweepers come to dust.' And when the jubilee procession has rolled by and the glamor has gone from men's eyes, perchance some of them may be inclined to think with the old poet, Alexander Barclay:

There is no lord, duke, king, nor other estate,
But die they must, and from this world go!
All worldly things which God hath here create
Shall not aye abide, but have an end also.
What mortal man hath been promoted so
In worldly wealth or uncertain dignity
That ever of life had hour of certainty.

"For ourselves, in season and out of season, for fifty years, we have protested against this humbugging of the people. We have no objection to the national fetes and gorgeous ceremonial, provided it expresses the real life of the nation. But this gruesome hypocrisy, this saturnalia of cant, is as if the dead arose and jibbered at us from their shrouds.

"Oh England, containing so much that is great and noble, yet capable of glorying in thy self-abasement! The stormy voices of the prophets and teachers sweep over the sky of the ages, calling mankind to a higher delight than that of the circus of conventionality and sham. 'Man shall not live by bread alone,' the truest words ever uttered, ought most especially at this time be engraven in every true man's heart. Mr. Barnata, with his millions, sought an untimely grave; the queen herself is an unhappy woman; there is no true joy among her prosperous people, those who should teach aright are false to their great trust. Rise, oh people, above these paltry conventions. For the day of man's life is short; the night descends swiftly and the everlasting moan will break on the horrid spectacle of a multitude of dead swine battling for, or gorged, at the full trough of worldly materiality."

HONOR TO THE BRAVE WOMEN OF GALLANT LIMERICK!

The spirit that manned and *womaned* the walls of Limerick in 1690, when King William's grenadiers recoiled in hurried rout from the attack of

"The storied maids and matrons, who
rushed fearless on the foe
To the breach where bled their kinsmen
by the side of Boisseleau,"

still survives. The foremothers of the Limerick women of today, stood unterrified on the ramparts under a hail of bombshells and red-hot cannon balls on the 27th day of August, 1690. We are glad to find that their descendants, although in a different manner, upheld the honor of the brave old city. The following despatch explains itself:

"LIMERICK, June 28.—The charitable societies of this city began today to distribute a hundred carcasses of mutton, part of the Australian Jubilee gift, to the poor of the United Kingdom. A mob of women jeered the recipients, snatched the meat from them, and trampled it in the mud. The other applicants were afraid to receive the mutton, and as a result it was returned to the stores. The action of the mob was due to their determination not to participate themselves or to allow others to participate in any form in the Queen's Jubilee."

Oh, Limerick is beautiful, as everybody knows!
And by that city of our hearts, how proud the Shannon flows!
It sweeps down by the brave old town, as clear in depth and tone,
As when Sarsfield swept the Saxon from the walls of Garryowen!

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS' PICNIC.

The gallant Clan-na-Gael Guards, first and second battalions, will give their twenty-second annual military picnic and midsummer night's festival at Oswald's Grove, on Sunday, July 4. Athletic exercises, exhibition drills and oratory, music and dancing will combine to present a programme sufficiently varied and attractive for the taste of the most fastidious. It is hoped that every friend of this fine military corps will be present on the occasion, and give cordial encouragement to the only military organization that distinctively sustains the Irish National cause in this city. It carries that rainbow of hope, the Irish Tricolor, symbolical of the union of all creeds and interests for the common cause against the common enemy. Justice Walter J. Gibbons will preside at the oratorical exercises and the speakers will be John T. Keating, President of the United Irish societies, and the Hon. Miles J. Devine, city attorney. The proceedings will begin at noon and terminate at midnight.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"OLD DAN FROM LIMERICK," City—We cannot establish the year in question, but it was about the beginning of this century. Gerald Griffin, in an appendix to "The Collegians," states the particulars of the tragedy, but leaves names and dates blank.

"JAS. FOLEY," City—Collector Martin J. Russell served throughout the war, as an officer, in the Twenty-third Illinois infantry, which was commanded by his chivalrous uncle, Col. James A. Mulligan.

"IRISH LAND LEAGUE," City—We believe the gentleman you mention, who used to be secretary of the League in Ireland, is in Omaha. You had better write to himself and find out about his long silence.

"JOHN FORD," City—Your Scotch friend had better control his emotions. Ireland is about 2,000 square miles larger than Scotland and ten times as productive, in an agricultural sense.

COL. THOMAS CUSACK, Acting President of the Board of Education, is accused of malfeasance in office by the mother and brother of his former wife, deceased. People of the world will look upon the charges as the outgrowth of a family feud. Col. Cusack has been in business in this city since boyhood, and has always borne a manly and honorable character. His thousands of friends will not believe him guilty of the crime charged against him, as his whole previous record belies the accusation.

THIS is the Boodle Age.

BOODLE—boodle everywhere and not a thief in jail!

TO THE People belong the spoils.

THE People, and not the Dudes, should have the offices.

ADOLPH KRAUS has an undue development of head.

NINETEEN out of every twenty of our leading "American" dailies read as if they were published in London.

THE Episcopalians in the United States very generally celebrated the Jubilee of their She-Pope, Victoria of England. And yet nothing will convince American Protestants of "the errors of (she) Popery."

THE Catholic prelacy and priesthood acted manfully both in Ireland and America in regard to the Victorian Jubilee. They washed their hands of it, and they never did a better thing for the interests of the old faith.

THE Prince of Wales is now represented in an Uncle Sam hat, of the Zachary Taylor pattern. Oh, Al., "Where did you get that hat?"

THE London correspondent of a daily paper says: "The royal Irish constabulary, who brought up the rear of the procession, were as smart and handsome a set of men as any in the whole show, but the Londoners could not believe that they were police. These mounted police, armed like light cavalry, were the only representatives that Ireland had in the procession, and they typified with signal effectiveness the difference between the rule of England

in Ireland and in her freely governed colonies, who sent their Premiers and their own forces. The only Irish armed force is the police force, who, unlike the police of any other part of the British Empire, are armed like a military body."

PERSONAL.—C. H. H., City Hall—Bounce Kraus, or "mix cum arouse."

KING YERKES!

HONESTY is, no donbt, the best policy, but, at present, in our legislative bodies, at least, it seems to be an intangible virtue.

TROLLEY is Ruler!

AND the county, too. Et tu, Brute!

MARCUS DALY, of Montana, "the Marquis of Butte," has offered $125,000 for "Galtee More," the Irish horse that recently won "the Darby." Marcus would give a million dollars to own a horse that could win that race. He believes in the Green Flag on horseback.

HAS Tim Healy a blood clot on the tongue? We have not heard of him of late.

QUEEN VIC "reviewed" the detachment of "royal" Irish constabulary that went to London to jubilate, at Buckingham palace, and congratulated them on wearing their chains right loyally. The poor devils looked ashamed of themselves. They were the only Irish that jubilated for Victoria.

VICTORIA is the lineal descendant of Strongbow and Eva MacMurrough, daughter of the traitor Dermod, of that ilk. The descent is through the Duke of Clarence, Lionel Plantagenet, and a lady of the line of Strongbow, whom he married in the reign of his father, Edward III. MacMurrough is one of the forms of Murphy. Therefore, old Vic is entitled to quarter the arms of the Murphys on her shield.

THE editors of the Tribune look natural in Irish costume. Vide the Observer of last week.

THERE is a painful rumor afloat that Wash Hesing is about to shave off his whiskers.

POSTMASTER GORDON, after numerous mishaps, is back at his desk. He is to begin a compaign of improvement in his office immediately. We wish him success in his undertaking.

WE heartily wish nine-tenths of the so-called American editors and the same propertion of the preachers, who are so fond of England and her queen, would emigrate to their beloved "Britain" and be——well, the weather is too hot to finish the remark.

WHO is responsible for the order of the city, the Mayor or the Civil Service Commissioners? We all know it is the Mayor. Then he should appoint the police captains, who are responsible for order in their several districts. He should appoint, in fact, every peace officer in the city. That is a mayor's business in all well regulated cities. The people didn't elect Adolph Kraus to be mayor. Let him take a reef in the tail feathers of his pride.

WEYLER asks for 60,000 more soldiers to put down the Cubans. Yet McKinley thinks there is no war there to speak of. Oh, McKinley, how degenerate thou art!

THE English house of commons got snubbed by Victoria's plush and powder lackeys during the parade. Vic, on second thought, sent an invitation last Tuesday to the members and their wives—such as have them—to call upon her at Windsor. The British members, with their usual servility, accepted; but the Irish members laughed uproariously in the face of the royal message. That's the way to rub their villainy into the thick hides of the English rulers of Ireland.

SIR WILFRED LAURIER, the Franco-Canadian premier, who has been junketing in England, told the Londoners the other night that America loved England! When did Cannuckland become America? Oh, Sir Wilfred, tie back your ears and bray less loudly.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY received $1,000 damages from a St. Paul editor for having alluded to him as "a dirty whelp" in an editorial. Ignatius claimed that the epithet brought on an attack of eczema. Hence the damages. What's the matter with Mr. Donnelly's vituperative vocabulary? We should imagine that the term "mangy hound" applied to the offensive editor would have been ample satisfaction.

Picnic of St. Francis Xavier's Parish, LaGrange, Ill.

The annual picnic of St. Francis Xavier's parish, LaGrange, Ill., to be held at Reissig Park, Riverside, Saturday, July 3, promises to eclipse any event of its kind ever given from LaGrange or the surrounding country. The committee of arrangements are sparing no efforts to make this picnic the grandest success of the year. The greatest attention is given to the smallest detail of this affair, and a most enjoyable time is assured to those fortunate enough to attend. Everything in the line of games, sports, amusements, etc., is included in the programme for the afternoon, and a large number of valuable and magnificent prizes will be given to lucky contestants. The best music has been engaged for the occasion, and the lovers of the dance will have every opportunity to enjoy themselves until late in the evening, arrangements having been made to have the park brilliantly illuminated. Through the kindness of Div. 24, A. O. H., of LaGrange, the Knights of Pythias Military band, of Chicago, will discourse music at intervals and contribute much to the pleasure of the day. Special rates on the Burlington Road from Chicago to Riverside have been secured at 25 cents for round trip, on any suburban train stopping at Riverside. Trains leave Union depot (C., B. & Q. R. R.) at 11:58 a. m., 12:10, 1:10, 1:30, 2:10, 2:25, 3:10, 4:05, 4:40, 5:15, 5:35, 5:55 and 6:40 p. m., and return at 5:16, 5:24, 6:00, 7:07, 7:21, 8:27, 9:17 and 10:50 p. m. Railroad tickets from Chicago can be purchased of committeemen at depot gate. We are assured that a large number of Father Hagan's Chicago friends will attend in parties, and present indications point to a most enjoyable time. For thorough and varied amusement we advise our readers to attend St. Francis Xavier's picnic at Reissig Park, Riverside, Saturday, July 3.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY HENNEBERRY.

Mrs. Mary Henneberry, mother of Father Francis S. Henneberry of St. Pius' church and W. P. Henneberry, of Donohue & Henneberry, died at the residence of the former, 884 South Ashland avenue, Saturday, June 26. She had been confined to her bed several weeks, suffering from a complication of diseases which commenced with grip and ended in heart failure.

Mrs. Henneberry was born in Cashel county, Tipperary, Ireland, in September, 1812, and came to this country in 1835. She made her home in New York for two years, and in January, 1838, was married in that city to John Henneberry, an old acquaintance in Ireland and the beau of her youth. Her maiden name was Burke.

In 1844 the family decided to try their fortunes in the West, and voyaged thither via Erie canal as far as Buffalo. At that city they boarded the steamer Missouri, intending to locate in Milwaukee, but while on the way changed their mind and came on to Chicago. For two years the family lived on Kinzie street, removing from thence to the northwest corner of Polk and Clinton streets, where they resided until burned out by the fire of 1871.

Mr. Henneberry died in 1858, leaving his widow with eight children to support. Three sons survive the mother, two living in Chicago and Joseph S. on a ranch in Montana. Those dead are: Thomas B., the eldest, who was superintendent during the war of the government express company known as Parker's express, and was stationed at Little Rock, Ark.; James E., who served on the gunboat Essex and participated in all the engagements with Admiral Porter; John F., who served through the war in the Thirty-fourth New Jersey regiment; M. C. Henneberry, who was connected with the Chicago Times for twenty-seven years, being its commercial editor for twenty years, and the only sister, Mary Elizabeth, who died a month after her father's demise in 1858.

Since the great fire Mrs. Henneberry has divided her time with her two sons, but for the past fourteen years she has lived with Father Henneberry. She was the first member of St. Mary's church, which was the first Catholic church built in this city. She was a devout Catholic, a devoted mother and was loved and revered by all who knew her.

The funeral occurred on Tuesday morning. St. Pius church was crowded with mourners. The sanctuary was filled with Catholic clergymen of this city and from the surrounding country, who attended as a mark of respect to the venerable deceased, who was, perhaps, the oldest Catholic resident of Chicago at the time of her death. Solemn high mass of requiem was offered up, and the funeral sermon was preached most eloquently and impressively by the Rev. Father D. J. Riordan, of St. Elizabeth's church. The funeral procession was the largest seen in this city for a quarter of a century. Very few of the old citizens were absent from the obsequies. The interment was at Calvary cemetery. Requiescat in pace.

THE CUBAN QUESTION.

[To the Editor.]

One of the strangest and most inexplicable ideas to thinking minds, is the course being pursued by this government in regard to what is going on in Cuba. Here are a people having an army in the field of 40,000 or more fighting men, who have been for two years and a half struggling against extermination. On the other side is an army of 200,000 soldiers belonging to the most bloodthirsty and cruel nation on the earth—hardly excepting the Turks—who ravish, burn and destroy, not even respecting the white flag of the hospital, and all for what—for the purpose of holding unwilling subjects on a devastated island.

The terrible tragedy that is being enacted almost within cannon-shot of our shores—the smothering and stifling of the voiceless victims of Spanish hate—without a protest from this great government, is the most shameful episode in our history.

Since the year 1852 there has been a struggle almost continuous going on in the ill starred "gem of the Antilles," to throw off the yoke of the oppressor. In that year Narcisco Lopez was garotted in Havana, and many Americans under Gen. Crittenden shot to death. Afterwards occurred the Virginius affair, when Gen. Ryan, Capt. Fry and others were executed by Spanish bullets. About the same time the tyrant Valmaceda had twelve young Cuban students shot, because, as he claimed, they desecrated the tomb of a Spanish general in Havana.

From the days of the Spanish inquisition under Torquemada up to the present time, Spanish cruelty has placed Catholics on the defensive. The teachings of the church are mild and merciful. No such qualities enter into the Spanish character. Cortez in Mexico, Pizarro in Peru, the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands—wherever Spain has set her foot, murder and robbery have followed.

What is the matter with our President? Has he any backbone? What is he afraid of? Spain was the first nation to grant belligerent rights to the Southern confederacy. We seem to be afraid to concede even this poor boon to the struggling Cubans. It was thought that when Mr. Cleveland and his smart New England attorney, Olney, would retire, that something would be done by his successor, but a paralysis of fear seems to have taken hold of the present administration. We are told from Washington that it has no policy. It is easy to believe it. Oh for a month in the White House of an Andrew Jackson, an Abraham Lincoln or a Benjamin Harrison! We have fallen on days of great opportunities, but of weak, mediocre men occupying high places. JOHN W. ENRIGHT.

CHICAGO, June 26, 1897.

ST. IGNATIUS CONFERS 14 DEGREES.

At the Columbia theatre, Wednesday evening, the annual commencement of St. Ignatius college was celebrated. More than 200 students occupied the stage. Besides the degrees conferred a number of gold medals and premiums were awarded.

The programme opened with a piano duet by Sevrys J. Kujawski and Joseph A. McLaughlin, after which the orations were given by Clarence C. Cavanaugh and Daniel W. Healy. Peter L. Geraghty, J. Allan Sullivan and Albert P. Mehren sang. George W. Lyon spoke on our "Our Republic" William J. O'Shea and Alexander J. McCarthy also spoke. The Rev. James F. K. Hoeffer conferred the degrees.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon F. E. O'Bryan A. B. Vincent and J. Walsh. Those who received the degree of B. A. were: F. P. Murphy, M. J. Leonard, W. J. O'Shea, D. M. Healy, G. W. Lyon, Alex. J. McCarthy, C. E. Cavanaugh, G. T. Walsh, G. L. McLaughlin, C. J. Cavanaugh, J. T. Byrnes, P. J. Solon, F. J. Kovacevich and G. T. Gubbins.

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES INGOLDSBY.

At the regular meeting of Div. 14, A. O. H., held on June 21, the following preamble and resolutions in reference to the lamented death of the late James Ingoldsby were passed unanimously:

WHEREAS, By the decrees of Divine Providence, death has summoned from our brotherhood one of our most active and faithful members in the person of James Ingoldsby, and while bowing submissively to the Divine will, we deeply deplore the irreparable loss sustained by the death of our brother; and

WHEREAS, We recognize that in his death we have lost a member who devoted his life sincerely to the cause of Hibernianism; whose best efforts were ever directed toward the elevation of his people and the amelioration of their sufferings; whose heart ever burned with an undying love for Ireland as well as for the land of his adoption; whose honesty was only equalled by his reverence for religion; whose home was rendered ideal by his parental affection; whose entire career stamped him as a sterling Irishman, a devout Catholic, and a model husband and father; and,

WHEREAS, The lives of the departed faithful should be commemorated for the guidance of the living, that their good deeds and example may be a source of inspiration to us; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Div. 14, most respectfully and sincerely tender to the sorrowing family of our deceased brother, James Ingoldsby, our most heartfelt sympathy in their hour of bereavement, with the hope that submission to the holy will of God shall enable them to bear their loss and sustain them till all meet in the happy home above; also, be it

Resolved, That as a token of respect to our departed brother, our worthy president cause the colors of Div. 14 to be be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the records of our division, and that a copy be forwarded to THE CHICAGO CITIZEN and the New World for publication; also,

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted under seal to the family of our deceased brother.

P. J. BUCK,
WILLIAM HIGGINS,
PATRICK DAY,
J. F. WRIGHT,
Committee.

"Boss" Rule in the United States.

The genius of free government is the rule of the majority. An oligarchy is not a free government. Nor is that government really free which is ruled first by one, then by another oligarchy, even when the choice between the two is made by an otherwise unrestricted majority. The self-constituted machines which control the political parties of this nation are so many oligarchies. The majority of the voters at the polls choose between a Bonapartist and a Bourbon. A Louis is overthrown, and a Napoleon takes his place. The majority rule within these limitations—they may make a choice occasionally between masters. This, in a general way, is the political situation of the entire country, but more particularly is it true of the great cities, the centres of political machinations, of political organizations, or "machines," and of political skullduggery. As the nation has become older and larger, the influence of the city vote has increased, until now it dominates State and National legislatures. While the small towns and the agricultural districts are not free entirely from the malign influence of bossism, it has not as yet taken them by the throat and robbed them of their rights, openly and boldly, with the same uniform success.

"We will give you the right to vote, and even to have your vote counted, but we insist upon controlling and manipulating your caucuses and primaries," is the revised creed of the bosses. The concession of an honest ballot was wrung from the bosses almost by threat of revolution. Having gained this much our consciences and patriotism have taken a rest, and meekly as mediæval peasants we vote for Tweedle Dee or Tweedle Dum, after our masters have chosen these puppets for the occasion. This is the present state of the experiment in free government which was baptized in patriots' blood over a century ago, and which the rest of the world has been watching since with cynical pessimism. "We allow ourselves to be oppressed by an impersonal, irresponsible, extra-legal body, without conscience and without remorse. It rules caucuses, names delegates, appoints committees, dominates the councils of the party, dictates, nominates, makes platforms, dispenses patronage, controls State legislatures, stifles opposition, punishes independence, and elects United States senators." (Congressman La Follette, of Wisconsin, at Chicago University, Feb. 22, 1897).—Edward Insley, in the Arena.

THREE GREAT CONVENTIONS.

The Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor meets at San Francisco, Cal., July 7-12; National Educational Association at Milwaukee, Wis., July 6-9; Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks at Minneapolis, Minn., July 6-9. These are all National conventions, and delegates and others interested should bear in mind that the best route to each convention city from Chicago is via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Two trains daily via Omaha to San Francisco; seven through trains daily via four different routes Chicago to Minneapolis; six daily trains Chicago to Milwaukee. Choice of routes to California, going via Omaha or Kansas City, returning via St. Paul and Minneapolis. Through trains vestibuled and electric lighted. All trains run on Absolute Block System. Low excursion rates to each convention. Ticket agents everywhere sell tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, or address F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, No. 95 Adams street, Chicago, Ill.

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AFTERNOON PROGRAMME:
1—100 yards dash, open; prize, Gold Medal. 2—100 yards dash, confined to Clan-na-Gael Guards; Gold Medal. 3—100 yards dash, Seventh Regiment, I. N. G.; Gold Medal. 4—100 yards dash, Ladies' Race; Silk Parasol. 5—Running Broad Jump; Gold Medal. 6—Running Hop, Step and Jump; Gold Medal. 7—Throwing 56-lb weight between the legs without follow; Gold Medal. 8—Great Challenge Tug-of-War contest, employes of Fortune's Brewing Co. vs. Gaelic Athletic Association team; prize, a case of Cream Pure Rye, donated by Jerry Walsh.
An Exhibition Extended Order of Drill will be given by the non-commissioned officers of the Seventh Infantry, I. N. G., under Sergt.-Maj. James Kelly, at 6 p. m.

EVENING PROGRAMME:
SPEAKERS: JOHN T. KEATING, President United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County and State President A. O. H. of Illinois; HON. MILES J. DEVINE; Chairman, JUSTICE WALTER J. GIBBONS.
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ESTATE OF JOHN McCORMICK, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John McCormick deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1897, being the 16th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, June 17, 1897.
DANIEL McCORMICK, Administrator
P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

THE ONE DEAR NAME.

Well, most persons know by forty not to look
for much smooth sailin,
An I've learned to "grin an bear it" whatso-
ever is my doom—
Though the wind, a maddened tyrant, is the
cringin ocean frailin
Till it spreads out white an gleamin as a cot-
ton field in bloom.

Laugh when trouble strikes your pocket. Keep
it hid if them who're dearer
Drift away from home forever or are fallin
by the way.
People have their own great crosses, an good
fortune comes no nearer
For your outcry from the housetops to the rab-
ble all the day.

But a feller, though well hardened, tryin all
his trials to smother,
Now an then, when none is near him, will
yet feel a yearnin pain,
While he wishes for a minute on the bosom of
his mother
He could hide from all life's worry as she
croons her songs again.
—Will T. Hale in Nashville American.

THE OUTCAST.

"He is too weak; he cannot work. Carry him out that he may die. It is his fate."

Mootoo, the Kanganie, gave the order, and none of the coolies who had followed him from the Tamil country on the Indian coast to work on the coffee plantations in Ceylon dared disobey the chief. Work and eat! If you cannot work, die. There is no place for the disabled, there is no room for the feeble. It is the law of the beast and it is the law of the cooly. Moreover, Ramasamy had no claim of kinship with the people of the Kanganie, for his mother had died on the crowded steamer which brought the coolies across the strait, and his father had died of cholera by the roadside on the long march up country to the plantations. He had worked well while he could for his fourpence a day, and he had been on good terms with the others, but that had nothing to do with it. He was fated to fall sick of the fever. He was fated apparently to die. Therefore the coolies saw him slowly starve with calm, undisturbed faces.

"Carry him out," said the Kanganie and went on with his supper. Two indifferent young men placed Ramasamy on a litter, made like a ladder of bamboo sticks tied with vines to longer poles, and, none protesting, bore him out. From up the mountain, where the untilled highlands ranged, came the bark of the elk; from beneath, where the bazaar hid in the valley, came the faint cries of the villagers. But in the coffee bushes it was very still and lonely, and a sick child's cry would be heard by none. Where there was least chance of his being found by any passer-by the coolies laid the podyan down and left him.

"It is his fate. He will soon die," they said.

He was too sick to know rightly what they were doing with him; too sick to care. Presently he grew delirious and began to talk, fancying himself back in the ricefields of India, sitting in the doorway of his tiny watchhouse, crying out to the birds to keep away from the grain.

By the zigzag path that climbed the steep mountain there descended from the top a man, who swung his stick carelessly in the moonlight, striding with long, muscular legs, and singing at the top of his voice, "But an English girl for me, for me, an English girl for me."

It was young Gilbert, the sinnadore of the estate, coming home from dinner at the bungalow on the other side of the mountain—a fair faced, well fed young fellow, strong, active and good humored. He repeated the chorus with a shout, swinging his stick enthusiastically over his head, and as he finished he stopped suddenly, with his stick still in the air, and listened. From the coffee bushes came a weak cry:

"Arisi, dore!"

"What's that? Who's there? Inge va!" cried Gilbert, peering into the shadows. "Who's howling for rice at this time of night?"

Only a whimper answered him and the scuttling of a rat snake. Gilbert dived into the bushes, grasping his stick. He knew little of the Tamil language, but with the cheerful faith of an Englishman that everybody possessing gumption must understand him he cried out:

"What's the matter? Do you want help? Hold on, then, I'm coming. Hello! What's up with you?"

Stumbling through the bushes, he almost fell over Ramasamy, who sobbed and looked up at him with great, black, wild eyes. Gilbert stooped and raised the little skeleton to its feet and looked at it in horror. He knew what had happened without questioning, for although very young and not long in the country he had already learned of the terrible indifference of the coolies to friendless sufferers and of their cruel haste to get rid of such. Without a word he picked the boy up in his arms, shuddering at the lightness of the weight, and strode silently to the line of coolies' huts, guided by the distant voices and drumming of the incessant tomtoms. He burst out of the coffee bushes and into the circle of firelight in front of the huts and stood among the dirty, dusky, nearly naked savages.

The women and some of the men rose up, yelping, and dived through the low entrances. The tamtam player ceased. The Kanganie, recognizing the stalwart young assistant manager, got to his feet and stood obsequiously, but, when he saw what Gilbert carried, he seemed filled with sudden, sullen anger.

"This podyan belongs to your gang, you scoundrel!" cried Gilbert. "Why have you cast him out? What has he done?"

The Kanganie could speak English. He waved his hand with contemptuous indifference.

'No much arisi, dore; podyan no can work, no can make food. Him soon die."

Gilbert opened his mouth to rebuke the heathen, but changed his mind. Words were useless, he knew, so he shot out his right foot and the Kanganie, with a howl, sprawled on his face. Gilbert looked hastily round and spied a cocoanut and a half filled bowl of rice. He kneeled on one knee and poured the milk from the nut down the boy's parched throat and then fed him with some rice. He was about to lay the child down then and sternly commend him to the care of the women, but Ramasamy, as if reading his thought, whimpered entreatingly and touched his cheek with his feeble, bony hand, just like a little, brown, sick monkey. The sinnadore looked at him, and his heart felt sore for the outcast. He gazed into the sullen eyes of the coolies peering from the shadows and raised the podyan to his shoulder.

"No, I'm blowed if I do, you beasts," he said. "You'd get rid of him somehow before morning. I'll look after him myself."

In ten minutes he was at home in the bungalow and had roused up De Silva, the gray Cingalese cook, and his horse boy and his dog boy and everybody else and was making them all scurry about for hot milk and cordials and quinine and blankets and I know not what for the little savage who lay on a cot in the sinnadore's own bedroom.

Gilbert was a good natured fellow, who did as he thought best as a rule without consulting precedent. He had no idea that when Ramasamy was restored to strength there was anything out of the way in allowing the cooly child to potter about the bungalow and make himself useful cleaning boots and learning to wait on his master.

The sinnadore knew little about the laws of caste, so powerful among Indian peoples. He did not know that he himself was earning the contempt of the laborers on the estate for treating a low caste urchin with the favor he good naturedly bestowed upon Ramasamy. Nor did he realize how deeply he was wounding the feelings of the absent manager's old servant, De Silva, by permitting the boy, whom De Silva's religion taught him to look upon as something on an equality with a dog and beneath the respect due to a cow, to do for him the little personal services which the Cingalese had jealously performed himself. In the meantime Ramasamy grew fat and was happy, adoring, worshiping the big laughing white man who had rescued him.

He lay on his stomach on the veranda one day and kicked his heels together in the air. Gilbert was off in the field, and when he was away Ramasamy lay around like a faithful dog, patiently awaiting his return, when he would jump up with glad eyes and bring the slippers, the cooling drink, the little things he had learned to do, for whose performance he felt amply rewarded by a smile. The boy was watching the changing color of a chameleon which basked on the sloping trunk of a tree in front of the veranda, catching flies on its long, flashing tongue. It was a captured pet of Gilbert's, and the sinnadore had fastened a long string about its body, one end tied to the veranda, so that one could sit and study its ways at ease. The podyan was doing now as he had seen Gilbert do. He held the string in his hand, gently drawing the lizard now among the leaves, when it turned green, and now on the trunk, when it changed to the gray brown of the bark. The bungalow was whitewashed and bamboo thatched, like many old bungalows. The ceilings were of canvas, tightly stretched and whitewashed, too, and between the thatch and the ceiling many rats and mice and lizards abode, and a big old rat snake, which, because it was not poisonous and was useful in catching rats, was allowed to dwell there in peace.

Ramasamy drew the lizard to the wall to see if it would turn white when there. He did not notice the sharp eyes of the rat snake watching from a corner of the ceiling, where the canvas had ripped. The little chameleon scrambled up the wall in a vain effort to leave the string behind. He darted and wriggled here and there, higher and higher, until he was close to the snake's resting place. Quicker than a bullet a lithe, black, slippery head shot from the hole.

The chameleon squeaked faintly and was gulped down by the snake with a foot of twine behind it. Ramasamy shrieked and jerked furiously at the string. That held like a fishing line, and the podyan brought down the long, wriggling snake upon the head of a man who just then stepped upon the veranda. It was the periadore returned from his long holiday, and Ramasamy knew that stout, brown bearded face. Often had he hidden in the coffee bushes to let it pass. Now he gave one terrified howl and darted away, while the snake vanished under the bungalow, and the periadore slashed blindly right and left with his riding whip.

"You should have threatened to dismiss the Kanganie if he did not take the brat back," Pearson, the manager, said to Gilbert. "You could have sent medicine from the bungalow to him. You don't, I suppose, understand how you have lowered yourself in the opinions of these people by taking one of them to your own house and actually nursing him. Why, man, they'll never again have the respect for you they ought to have. If once these savages think they're good as you, you can't get any work out of them, and if they get familiar with a dore or think they can trade on his good nature that man had as well throw up his billet. Besides, Gilbert, this brat is of the lowest caste, and what do you suppose De Silva thinks of your bringing him to the bungalow and in some ways putting him, a child and a cooly, over him, my attendant for years, and whom all the coolies respect as their superior?"

"Well, well," said Gilbert good humoredly. "I suppose I did wrong, but the podyan's fat and strong now and able to go back to work. I'll know enough another time not to meddle with caste prejudices and other beastly customs. It must be uncommon nasty, though, to be put out in the open to die just because a fellow's too sick to work."

"We're not here, old man," said the manager, "to compel them to think as we think."

Ramasamy knew nothing of the reasoning which led to his dismissal from the bungalow. He hid in the coffee all day, weighed down with the horror of two crimes on his soul. He had allowed the pet of his beloved master to be swallowed by a rat snake, and he had assaulted with that same evil beast the periadore, who was more powerful and more to be dreaded even than the big idol which guarded the little temple at his home in India. Ramasamy looked at the grove of gum trees which shaded the huts of the coolies. He dared not go there to be beaten by the Kanganie and robbed of his rice if he worked. He looked at the bungalow and felt that the gates of that paradise were closed to him. The periadore would certainly kill him.

It had rained now for two weeks, and the wet season was fairly begun. It was not the steady, pouring rain of a more temperate zone. The storms burst forth suddenly, and the water descended in sheets. Under a rock at the head of the hill lay Ramasamy, desolate, with his face buried in his arms, dumbly despairing. From where he lay he could see the lights of the bungalow through the sheets of rain, the windows behind which the man who had refused to protect him longer was snugly smoking with the other, the awful periadore, forgetful of the sore heart out in the storm. The bungalow lay right beneath where the podyan sheltered under the rock. Hundreds of feet down the steep hillside and above it, all up the mountain, were scattered great gray bowlders imbedded deeply in the ground. The ceaseless thrash of the rain and the roar of the thunder would have frightened Ramasamy had he not been dead to fear and dead to hope, stunned by grief. Yet he stirred and listened and stared curiously into the darkness once or twice. It might have been the echoing thunder. It might have been the rush of the torrent, but he fancied another sound. The earth whispered and muttered and thrilled and was still. Twice this happened, and then the ground seemed to tremble about him and some pebbles rattled down the slope as if a falling foot had loosened them.

Ramasamy was roused to feel at last alarm. He rose to his feet, trembling, for all about him the bushes, the trees, the gravel, the grass, were whispering and murmuring and moving. He screamed with terror, for just as he rose from under the rock the great stone, weighing many tons, with a slow groan, slipped forward and quashed down heavily in the spongy earth a foot beneath its former position. Then Ramasamy thought the night was peopled with demons and screamed again. But who could hear him cry in that terrific hurricane? The ground was slipping under his feet; the bushes seemed to glide past him in the darkness.

The rains had forced a landslide. There was yet safety for Ramasamy. Refuge lay for him on the other side of that gulf, that as yet was but four feet wide. A rush and a leap and he could land on the firm earth while the lower portion crashed into the valley. Into the valley? Right between the boy and the valley lay the bungalow, and also in the line of the avalanche, beneath the bungalow, the line of coolies' huts. Ramasamy looked at the lights in the bungalow windows. There his master sat, listening to the storm raging outside, utterly ignorant of the huge rocks tottering and slipping far above him, balanced to wash down upon him. Ramasamy was shut from him by the darkness and the storm, but he saw the kindly blue eyes of the sinnadore, heard his friendly voice, felt once more his strong arm carrying him to the bungalow. He was a little heathen, a wretched low caste beast, despised even of his own people, driven out by them, driven out by the periadore, forgotten already by the sinnadore, but—he looked no more at the gulf, which could be still leaped, no more at the firm ground on the top of the mountain, no more at safety for himself, but dashed down the hill, screaming his warning through the tempest.

They say when once the underground water has done its work and the surface of the slope is poised the rush of a deer, the scurry of a rabbit, may move the mountain. It may have been so with Ramasamy's feet, for as they fled the gravel began to rattle and slip, and the coffee bushes staggered and toppled, and the big rocks heaved and slid heavily forward until, with a roar like the thunder above, one pitched downward and crashed into another. That held its place for a minute, but the weight upon it made it rock and groan, and it also, as the ground slipped from beneath, began to slide with increasing velocity in the track of the flying boy.

At first the lights in the windows guided him, but suddenly they disappeared, and he knew the planters had gone to bed. They knew nothing of their danger. No sound of falling rocks and tumbling torrents could be heard through the ceaseless rain and the crash of the heavens.

Nearer and nearer came the boy, yelling frantically, and ever as he ran the noise above him deepened and the rocks slid swiftly and gathered momentum and sullenly pressed behind him. Panting, bleeding from many scratches, wild eyed with terror, he staggered at last upon the veranda and burst into Gilbert's bedroom.

"Dore, dore!" was all he could cry as he fell beside the bed, exhausted. Gilbert was already asleep in that sound, dreamless sleep of healthy weariness which comes as soon as the head is laid down. Ramasamy pulled excitedly at the clothes, but the young master only muttered and rolled over. The podyan heard the crashing of the falling hill through the storm. He fancied he could feel the bungalow beginning to slide from its foundations. In a frenzy of fear he bit into his master's arm and dropped down in a faint.

The sinnadore awoke and sprang from his bed with an angry yell, leaping clear of the boy, who lay in the darkness. When his wits came to him, the pain in his arm made him think a snake had bitten him, and he dashed out on the veranda. In the open air his ears were stunned by the rumbling roar up the mountain. He ran out in the rain and looked up, and in the glare of the lightning he saw the whole hillside moving down upon the bungalow. It took but a second to dash back to the house and drag the periadore from his bed and De Silva from the kitchen, both heavily asleep. They were in the very act of flying from the doomed house, knowing naught of poor Ramasamy's therein, or of how he had risked his life to save them all. But suddenly there came to Gilbert a thought—fortunate thought for the podyan. It was the thought of a picture left behind in his room—the picture of a woman, it matters not whether of mother, of sister or of sweetheart. But it was a priceless picture to Gilbert, and to secure it he rushed back into his bedchamber. As he stretched out eager hands to grasp the portrait he stumbled over Ramasamy, lying upon the matting and moaning:

"Oh, Dore! The podyan come to give warning. Fly! Oh, Dore, fly!"

Then, like a flash, the truth came to Gilbert, and snatching up the boy he pressed him to his breast with the picture. There was not a moment to lose. The men fled, Gilbert bearing the podyan, from the bungalow and out of the landslide's track. They were barely safe when it came crashing past them with a noise that drowned the storm and put the pealing thunder to shame. But Ramasamy had done his work.

"By Jove, Gilbert," said the periadore when his assistant told him of his podyan's heroic rescue, "the old Kanganie was right after all. Fate had marked that pet of yours, though in a different way from what the old cooly meant."

And thereafter there was no caste in Ramasamy's case. —P. Y. Black in New York Sun.

Casey at the Bat.

"After I had recited 'Casey at the Bat' for the thousandth time," said De Wolf Hopper at the Press club the other evening, "I met the man who wrote the piece. I first saw Thayer, I think, at the Players' club, New York. I pictured him in my mind as a big, strong, manly looking fellow of a decidedly athletic build.

"Imagine my surprise, upon introduction, to find him a small, pale faced man, almost effeminate in appearance. I asked him for his version of 'Casey,' curious to know just what the author's interpretation would be.

"I was disappointed. He ran through the several verses in the most ordinary tone of voice, with an absence of gesture and with scarcely a rising or falling inflection to relieve the monotony of his expression. But for the words you might have fancied he was reading a spring poem.

"The worst of all came when he reached the 'Kill him; kill the umpire!' part. You know how the cranks say it—just roar it out savagely, as though they mean it. But Thayer put no particular emphasis on the lines. He spoke them just as he had the rest of it, in a sad, 'fireman, save my child' style, conveying absolutely no idea of the animosity of the Mudville rooters toward the umpire who dared to call strikes on their champion.

"I was heartbroken when he concluded. Some way his rendition didn't seem right, it wasn't the real thing. I flattered myself that I had the correct idea.

"My reflections were rudely disturbed. A drunken actor friend of mine, then traveling with me, who had heard me recite the piece many times and in whose judgment I reposed the greatest confidence, had listened to Thayer with the most rapt attention.

"Turning to me, he said in dead earnest, 'I think you could make it go better that way.'

"Perhaps you understand why I don't recite the thing any more."—Minneapolis Times.

Economy at the Austrian Court.

According to the Vienna papers, the domestic arrangements of the imperial household of Austria have recently been subjected to reforms of the most radical nature. Hitherto, it is stated, the waste and mismanagement have been gigantic. Now, however, many ancient usages—some of them dating from the time of Maria Theresa—have disappeared forever. Formerly the servants enjoyed many perquisites, which amounted to a very considerable sum during the year. There were "deputaten," or allowances of wood, wine or venison. Each domestic, too, used to receive two large wax candles daily in summer and three in winter. In future the "deputaten" will be abolished, and there will be a rigorously fixed weekly allowance of candles, which will not err on the side of extravagance.

The liveries of the court servants have also been the subject of reforms. Those used to remain the property of the wearers when they were changed for a new outfit. Now they must be returned to the superintendent of the household. In past years the wine consumed by the servants has amounted to some 15,000 litres a year. This, it is estimated, will in future be reduced by two-thirds. The custom of permitting the servants to appropriate and sell the remains of all the household meals and banquets is also to be done away with. On the occasion of ceremonial banquets the perquisites on this head have frequently amounted to 40 or 50 florins a head to the attendants concerned. In future the remains of all such banquets are to be purchased en bloc from the comptroller by a contractor. In these and other matters the house of Hapsburg has determined in future not to despise domestic economy.—London Daily News.

NOISES OF LONDON.

THE WORST OF THEM AMOUNT TO ALMOST A PLAGUE.

No Electric Cars Buzz the Ear, but the Voices of Street Fakirs, Drunken Men and Women and Strolling Musicians Make More Trying Sounds.

London is the noisiest city in the world. Yet it has no electric cars buzzing and crashing and ding-donging through the streets. London's excesses in noise do not come from its street traffic. Its smooth wood pavement is the quietest thing yet devised for flooring a city, and rubber tires daily multiply. There are two classes of noisy vehicles, the omnibuses and the milk carts, but it is not the wagon wheel or the wagon load that makes London the noisiest city in the world—it's the human voice and the human lung.

Anybody is free to make as much noise in London streets as he likes. He may sing, bawl, cry his wares, toot on trumpets, and no one can prevent him. To his vocal exercises he may add the shrill clatter of the piano organ and the doleful drum, and none shall say him nay.

At this moment a German band splits the air about my windows. The fat trumpeters planted themselves before the house ten minutes ago, and their ferocious brass squealings have driven me from the chapter on which I was fondly engaged and have banished forever the struggling thoughts that were trying to get themselves into some inky shape.

If the wretches would play well, some excuse could be found for their persistent energy, but they play vilely. All German street bands do.

An insolent ruffian with a fife is another terror in our street. You can hear him for half a mile. He will murder any tune he tries.

There is a varlet who comes at dinner time three nights a week to yell "Sweet Marie" and "The Jewel of Asia." I prophesy sudden death for this man.

Any metropolitan doctor will tell you that nervous diseases are becoming deplorably common. What are invalids to do when the blatant Teutons come bellowing under their bedrooms? You can go into the street and command the clamorous musicians to move on if there is illness in your house, and you can give the wretches in charge if they don't obey. But suppose they move a hundred yards. Their mighty blasts still roll along the street. They can go around the corner. They perambulate all the adjacent passages and keep within the law and your hearing at the same time. You are defenseless.

There's not a quiet hour from 9 in the morning till past midnight. The alleged musicians stop their odious performances before midnight. Whether it is law or exhaustion that compels them I have never discovered.

When they have passed, the inebriated coster and the roisterous apprentice go home roaring. They come almost invariably in fours and howling at the top of their voices. They stand on the street corners and howl unintelligible things. When a low class Londoner is filled with drink, he bursts into song and kicks his womankind. Law can touch him for the latter diversion, but not for the former, and yet the fellow's singing is as brutal as his kicking.

There is another terror beloved of a certain kind of cockney, and it is never, by any chance, rampant in the daytime. A young coster, having finished his labor and completed the joyous rite of "jumping on his mother," marches through the streets squeezing the air from a concertina. He is accompanied by a group of admiring friends, never less than six in number. They march heavily, these gallant Britons. You hear their boot heels keeping time to the shrill instrument. Now and then they whistle a chorus. More frequently they yell it. Where they march from and where they march to no man knoweth. I know only that their nightly processions torture my ears.

No policeman ever interferes with these revelers of the night. The bluecoat has no authority for repressing the ardent choristers, for the police may not "interfere with the liberty of the subject," and "the liberty of the subject" means that any fellow is permitted to make as much noise as he likes when quiet folk would be sleeping.

The singing beggars are the most odious of London's street nuisances. They are always greasy, shiny, whiny and out of tune. For the most part they sing hymns, but no pen can tell you how they sing them; no words can convey the utter hypocrisy of their sneaking manners. They are as bad a lot as you could find the world over. They trade chiefly on the sympathy of the stranger and the credulous townsman. They trade profitably, too, more's the pity. One of them died the other day and left $1,000 cash at his lodging.

Begging is forbidden by law. To stand in the street and ask for alms is a crime, but to shuffle along the street whining in sharps and flats is to become an industrious subject. It is the law that forces these repulsive impostors to make a noise. There is nothing more detestable than a pair of these ingrates, dragging their slow feet along the muddy roads, rolling their eyes and screeching, "Jesus, lover of my soul!"

As for the yelling venders of wares, there is no end to them. Morning and afternoon the milk boys yodel up and down the residential streets. Their din is as frightful as it is unnecessary. Chimney sweeps go along bawling; sooty men driving loads of coal in sacks cry till their throats crack; men who peddle flowers or vegetables or pork pies, kindling wood, fruit, cat's meat, evening papers, flycatchers, brooms, penny ices, or who buy old bottles, boots, rags, bags and pots and pans, keep up their shrieks from breakfast till dusk.—London Cor. Boston Herald.

LINCOLN'S FIRST LOVE.

How Susan Reid Refused a Chance to Be the Wife of a President.

The woman who was Abraham Lincoln's first love and refused to marry him has been long a resident of Calistoga, Cal. Now she is Mrs. Susan Boyce, but when she was Lincoln's sweetheart she was Miss Susan Reid of New Salem, on the Sangamon river, in Illinois.

"My father was one of Lincoln's best friends," she said in speaking of her acquaintance with President Lincoln. "He was Lewis C. Reid, and it was he who took Lincoln to Springfield and introduced him to William E. Seward, from whom he borrowed the first lawbooks he ever read. Mr. Lincoln and my father belonged to the same political party, and they used to talk politics by the hour. I first met him in 1836 at the house of a neighbor named Able. There was quite a party of young people there, and I remember that he seemed very bashful. He soon began to pay me a good deal of attention, which pleased my father more than it did me, for my father liked him very much and had great faith in him. Mr. Lincoln often took me out horseback riding and to singing school and church. He was a spiritualist, and he believed in dreams. He often told me his dreams were prophetic. He also talked of the stars a great deal, and I remember I thought him a queer kind of fellow. Still he was very entertaining, and he studied hard all the time.

"He was not as ardent a lover as I've seen since, but he kept his case going pretty lively and pressed me hard for an answer. He told me I was the first woman he ever loved, and that he was sure he could never love any one else as he did me, and I believe he meant what he said. I did not want to marry him because I didn't love him, and so I invented a story about being engaged to a young man back in Kentucky, where we had come from. That cooled his ardor for a little while, but he soon began coming to see me again, and finally he told my father that he would call on a certain day for my final answer. When the day came, I made it a point to be away from home, and Lincoln didn't get over the way I treated him. My father lectured me about it and told me I had made a dunce of myself, but my mother took my part and said that if I did not love him I ought not to marry him.

"While Lincoln was courting me we were one night at a little party where the young folks were trying their fortunes with a Bible and a door key. Mr. Lincoln was always very much interested in such things, and at once he wanted to know all about the game. It was explained to him that the key would be placed on a verse in the open Bible, and when questions were asked the key was supposed to turn by supernatural power. Lincoln asked, 'Will Susie marry a man whose name begins with L?' and the key did not move. Then he asked, 'Will she marry a man whose name begins with B?' and the key whirled. A young man named Brooks was then paying me some attention whenever Lincoln gave any opportunity, and he was the one referred to, for I did not then dream of Mr. Boyce, whom I afterward married.

"I never heard Mr. Lincoln make a speech, and I never saw him after 1837. My father scolded me so much for refusing his offer that I married rather sooner than I might otherwise have done in order to escape being lectured. My husband was a friend of Lincoln's, and they fought side by side in the Black Hawk war. I draw a pension now by reason of the injuries he received there.

"My husband and I went to Texas in 1849, where I knew Sam Houston well, and in 1852 we came to California."—New York Sun.

A Sure Thing.

He was making an evening call, and she was showing him some of her porcelain. It was beautiful porcelain, and she prized it like anything.

"Here is a Sevres plate," she said, "that mamma bought only yesterday for me. It is so pretty that I just want to use it and get the benefit of it. I'm not one of those persons who don't like to touch anything because it is valuable, and never get the value of it at all."

"Why don't you then?" asked the young man.

"Well, I'm so afraid of the kitchen girl. She's so careless, you know, and she's likely as not to break it all to smithereens."

"I'll fix that for you," said the young man. Taking the plate gently from her hand, he drew out his knife and pulled one of the blades out. Holding the knife by the tip of the blade, he gave it a smart rap against the beautiful and frail Sevres plate and nicked a small piece from the edge. The nick was barely perceptible, but the young woman started forward in horror.

"Heavens and earth," she cried, "what have you done? You broke my plate, you horrid wretch, on purpose. Leave the house instantly, I say."

She could barely contain herself.

But the young man remained calm and unruffled. He returned the knife to his pocket and handed the plate back to her.

"It will never be broken now," he murmured with a smile.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Don't you know," he replied, "that an article that has once been nicked or slightly damaged is never broken entirely from that time onward, but lasts a lifetime? Nobody will ever notice that slight defect, or it won't hurt if they do, but the plate is safe now for years and years."

And, lo, 'twas even so.—New York Journal.

Human Curiosity.

"Our landlady likes to have theatrical people come to stay with us."

"Why?"

"She says the rest of us stare at them so hard that we forget to eat."—Detroit Free Press.

DEFENSE OF RED HAIR

IT COMES FROM THE ARTIST WITH A DREAMY, FARAWAY LOOK.

The Red Haired Girl Is a Lovable Darling When She Likes, but It's Different When She Dislikes You—How Some of the Poets Sing of Her.

We went to our favorite bench in Lincoln park, sitting so we could view the lake. I watched my artist friend who had asked me to take a quiet stroll with him. Between us there had been no great friendship—only a sincere responsiveness on my part to a most charming influence. He lazily puffed away at an excellent cigar. He was in a dreamy mood, and I was afraid he was going to be silent. He was a man of striking personal appearance—tall, dark, strong and sinewy. His eyes, though of fierce black, had kindly lines about them, softening the expression almost to tenderness.

I tried to open conversation by remarking:

"Come, now, let us play 'truth upon honor' for one-half hour."

"Very well. What shall the topic be?"

"Oh, anything from the Humphrey bills to the question, 'Why has red hair always been looked upon in all ages with aversion?'"

"Red hair!" exclaimed he. "There's no such thing. Don't let any one convince you that there is such a thing as real red hair. What people call red hair is a mixture of two or three shades of yellow and brown. Call it auburn or Titian."

I saw that my friend was getting a faraway look and would soon become reminiscent. He continued:

"I never knew a red haired girl to be stupid. She is always interesting, quick of action, quick of speech, quick to resent, quick to forgive and, above all, sympathetic. She makes many bright speeches and sometimes with the greatest naivete. For instance, I know a charming young lady on the North Side, a golden haired belle, who boasts a family crest over 300 years old, whose wit is equaled only by her love of fun. She is somewhat religiously inclined. To a young gentleman who earnestly entreated her to waltz the other evening she returned the startling negative, 'I'll be damned if I do.' Of course she meant it as a statement, not as an asseveration.

"Red hair brings with it great sensibility. When the owner has blue eyes and brown brows and lashes, she is of a sentimental turn of mind and always musical. Brown eyes and dark lashes are noted for their beauty and often develop great dramatic talent. Red hair always goes with strong emotions, and the red haired girl laughs and cries at the theater, while her dark haired sister loses half of life by being more dignified and less appreciative. Yes," sighed my friend meditatively. "She is a lovable darling when she likes you, but sharper than a two edged sword when she doesn't."

I looked at my artist friend in utter astonishment and wondered why my innocent remark had called for so much enthusiasm. However, I was rather pleased than otherwise, as my own hair barely escaped the suspicious color.

"I see there is no room for argument here," I ventured to remark.

"Well, no," he laughingly replied, "but I'll tell you something for your own consolation. When I was abroad last year, I came across a red haired club in Vienna, and to prevent fraudulent admissions every candidate was obliged to wash his hair in hot water before the committee."

"Your apology is accepted," I remarked.

"Oh," said my artist friend, "I am just freeing my mind."

I glanced sideways at the artist. He had not quite recovered from the far away look, and I felt that I had unwittingly probed his very heart and wrested the secret of his life. Surely his heart, as well as his mind, was engaged in the defense of the red head, and, smiling inwardly, I said to him:

"Who are our red headed women of fame?"

"Well, there was Helen of Troy. No one can deny that she played a prominent part in history. Then there were Elizabeth of England, Joan of Arc, the ex-Empress Eugenie. The famous actress, Adelaide Neilson, had red hair, you know, and even one of her severest critics spoke of her hair as 'burnished gold that floated round her royal head.'

"In the literary world red hair is intensely admired. Emerson loved it. James Whitcomb Riley has written many poems on it, and in one he calls it 'nut brown hair with a gold gleam.' Dante Gabriel Rossetti's wife, who died when very young, had hair of yellow red, long and curling. He buried all his poems with her, but the friends who had wished for his fame had them removed a few years after and found that the beautiful red hair had twined itself all about the manuscript."

"Well, this is all very eloquent," said I, "but it has aroused my curiosity. It makes me anxious to ask a question. As we are still playing at 'truth upon honor' I suppose I may dare, for old time's sake, er—er— Who is she? What is the name of your Titianesque beauty?"

But, with a little, low laugh, my friend of the brush said:

"The half hour is up. Au revoir."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Queer.

"Queer, isn't it?"

"What's queer?" inquired another.

"The night falls."

"Yes."

"But it doesn't break."

"No."

"The day breaks."

"Yes."

"But it doesn't fall."

"No."

"Queer, isn't it?"

And he was gone.—Quenemo (Kan.) Republican.

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Meets First and Third Fridays in Union Bank Building, 227 Ninety-second st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4100 State st.
Vice-President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Horan, 704 Dexter av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Galligan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, James F. Murray, 590 W. Erie st.
Vice-President, John F. Walsh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Quinn, 510 W. Erie st.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby, 386 N. Lincoln st.
Treasurer, M. J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays in Bowe's hall, Erie and Noble sts., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 12.

President, Rev. D. J. Crimmins, Fifty-fifth st. and Wentworth av.
Vice-President, P. B. Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Collins, 3524 State st.
Financial Secretary, M. F. Fanning, 4226 Indiana av.
Treasurer, M. S. Finnegan.
Meets First and Third Mondays at S.W. corner Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworthav., 8 p.m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice-President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Simon J. Maloney, 3031 Pitney av.
Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey.
Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.
Meets First and Third Thurdays in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

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Vice-President, E. J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, John F. Wright, 50 analport av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 435 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m. and Third Monday at 8 p. m. in Franklin hall, State and Eighteenth sts.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice-President, John Kane.
Recording Secretary, Michael Sullivan, 5748 Sherman st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Cunnea, 593 Twenty-seventh st.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, Fifty-first and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, James A. Flanagan, 3819 Aldine place.
Vice-President, P. Hughes.
Recording Secretary, Barney Cogan, 3819 Aldine place.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney, 1455 W. Forty-seventh st.
Treasurer, William O'Shea.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Cox's hall, Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av., 3 p.m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av.
Vice-President, Bernard Burk.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first st.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av.

DIVISION 18.

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Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle st.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

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Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kiniry, 3758 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
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DIVISION 20.

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Vice-President, John O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, M. Sullivan, 2801 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 351 Twenty-eighth st.
Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth st. and Union av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

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Vice-President, Barney Leonaard.
Recording Secretary, Owen Graham, 1191 Clybourn av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1853 N. Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday in Keuhl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 22.

President, T. H. Finnegan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, James Redmond.
Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McGaulley, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 23.

President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 West Forty-seventh st.
Vice-President, John McGeoghehan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James Buckley, 822 W. Forty-eighth st.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday each month at 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

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Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Lyons.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets First Monday each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice-Poesident, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Heallon, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5411 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5322 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodrick, 3923 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 28.

President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1487 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 145 Lytle st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1292 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keyes, Kensington.
Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thos. Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
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Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

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Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 255 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

President, William Cunnea, 5630 Drexel av.
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Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.

President, Miles McPadden, 236 S. Sangamon st.
Vice-President, John Slattery.
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Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
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DIVISION 35.

President, John T. Sheehan, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3636 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

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Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 6047 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 536 Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dobney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
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Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Boyle.
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